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LITERATURE.

My Command in South Africa, 1874-1878.

By General Sir Arthur Thurlow Cunynghame, G.C.B., then Lieutenant-Governor and Commander of the Forces in South Africa. With Maps. (Macmillan & Co.)

THIS book would in any case have been an interesting one, and at the present time it is doubly valuable. It is the work of a gentleman who, having for more than four years held the highest military command in South Africa, can speak with authority, and who had opportunities of acquiring information far beyond those of an ordinary traveller. Of his opportunities he has made good use, and, while giving an account of the way in which he was hampered and thwarted by an incompetent Government, he can speak without bitterness of his opponents. Doubtless the book is already in the hands of many of our readers. Credit is due to the publishers for the rapidity with which they have brought it out, and we are glad to find that this rapidity in publication is not attended by any carelessness.

In 1873 Sir Arthur Cunynghame was appointed to the command of the British forces in South Africa, and the news which greeted him on landing at Cape Town in November of that year was that of the rising of Langalebalele. In spite of the mismanagement of the Colonial Government, this revolt was soon suppressed; Langalebalele was not supported by the neighbouring chiefs, and the possession of firearms by the natives had not then become general. Langalebalele, as will be remembered, found an active friend in Bishop Colenso, who came over to England to plead his cause, and was so successful that the rebel chieftain now lives on a small farm near Cape Town, with three wives and one son, and is said to be more occupied in complaining of the scantiness of his rations of tobacco than in regretting the loss of his kingdom.

During the three years which elapsed between the suppression of Langalebalele's revolt and the breaking out of the war in 1877, Sir Arthur Cunynghame travelled through the whole of the British possessions in South Africa, including the Transvaal and the two Griqualands—East and West—as well as the Orange Free State. Of all this extent of country he gives a vivid description. The colonies of South Africa taken together are in area about 450,000 square miles, or nearly four times as large as Great Britain and Ireland; from Cape Town to the capital of Natal is a distance in a straight line of nearly 800 miles. In all

this extent there are not as many white inhabitants as are contained in Liverpool; and Natal, which is larger than Switzerland, has not as many as the town of Ipswich! For this little colony Great Britain is now engaged in a war which will probably cost not less than a million and a-half, and for which we are mainly indebted to the cupidity, ignorance, and presumption of the Colonial Governments. On the subject of permitting the natives to acquire firearms, Sir Arthur says:—

"In 1867 the first diamond was found, and there soon flowed into the colony a tide of wealth as welcome as it was unexpected. Railroads were commenced on a scale, I think, rather too extended at the commencement. To facilitate the making of these railways immense gangs of natives were employed, and by permission of their chiefs they were allowed to leave their own localities far away in Kaffir land. To make them work, only one inducement was effectual—the permission to purchase firearms. There was a law in the colony forbidding the acquisition of arms by natives without a special permit, to be given in those cases only in which the magistrate empowered to do so was personally acquainted with the character of the applicant. Unfortunately, this salutary provision was not attended to, and permits were given with a laxity quite alarming. Companies of natives marched home, each bearing his musket over his shoulder. Instances occurred in which justices of the peace granted permits to natives in reckless profusion in order to curry favour with traders. The Government set the example, and for a while, blinded by a desire to secure cheap labour, the colonists allowed the natives to arm, until at least 400,000 muskets and rifles—some of them breech-loaders—had been acquired. This was not done without protest. Warnings appeared in the newspapers, and the older colonists, who knew the Kaffirs, were uneasy. I need hardly say that I fulfilled my duty by repeatedly pointing out to the Ministry the danger they were incurring."

The reply of the Government at the Cape was invariably that there would never be another Kaffir war, and that the assegai was far more dangerous in the hands of the natives than a musket; and these arguments were repeated up to the moment when the frontier settlers were being murdered and their homesteads burnt. Wherever Sir Arthur went he found the natives arming or armed, and not only with the old smooth-bore guns, but in many instances with excellent rifles. Near Pretoria he met parties of natives returning from the diamond-fields everyone armed with a rifle; some of these he examined, and, although they were not all of superior manufacture, they were not at all bad, and quite equalled those with which the 60th Rifles were armed in 1830. These very rifles are now being used against our troops.

The sixth Kaffir war, of which Sir Arthur Cunynghame considers the present war with the Zulus as the second part, broke out in September 1877, but the Cape Ministry still denied the danger, and persisted that there would never be another Kaffir war. The colonial force consisted of the frontier police, numbered, *on paper*, at 1,000; in themselves an excellent body of men, but badly equipped, ill clothed, and irregularly paid. The control of this force was kept by the Ministry in its own hands, and they appointed one of themselves, Mr. Merriman, the Minister of War,

to act in conjunction with the general. This gentleman reminds us of the French deputies sent to control the generals in the revolutionary wars. He declared that he would rather see "a Kaffir war every ten years than that an increase in the frontier forces should be made." The Cape Government carried their jealousy of the general to the length of having a separate commissariat for their portion of the forces, replying to the remonstrance made to them "that if the supplies cost double, the administration should not be placed in the hands of the Imperial officers." The folly of this system was soon seen, when a competition in the market was set up between the Colonial and the Imperial purchasers. Mr. Merriman raised forces, made appointments, and continued to act altogether independently of the general, till the dismissal of the Ministry by the Governor, Sir Bartle Frere. Under the new Ministry the divided command was abolished, and both troops and commissariat of all kinds were placed in military hands. The saving effected in the purchase of stores ranged from 20 to 50 per cent.!

Sir Arthur having at the end of 1877 attained the rank of full general, his command came to an end, and he left the colony in February 1878. We are much indebted to him for putting the causes and the conduct of this sixth Kaffir war into a readable shape. With regard to the cost of that war he expresses an opinion from which we doubt there being any to dissent:—

"When the question of the expenses of this war comes to be considered by Parliament at home, I must say that I hope that the British taxpayer, burdened as he must naturally be by all the important enterprises he has now on hand, will refuse to any considerable extent to defray the cost of a war which the late Cape Government brought upon the colony. I am sorry for the colony, and especially for the most unjustly abused settlers on the frontier and in the east; but it seems only fair that they should suffer for the misdeeds of their own Cabinet."

Respecting the prospects of emigrants, it may be said that, as elsewhere, the sober, the industrious, the thrifty will succeed. The intemperate, the helpless, and the luxurious will be worse off than at home. Estates have been purchased for next to nothing that are now worth thousands. A Mr. Halse in the Free State bought a farm of 32,000 acres for 65*l.*, which he afterwards sold for 6,000*l.* Sir Arthur was shown a farm near Middleberg for which the owner refused 1,200*l.*, having bought it three years before for three bottles of brandy and a bag of sugar and coffee. The following case is probably unique:—

"Chevalier Fossman, of Potchefstroom in the Transvaal, has been in South Africa for more than twenty-five years. He is a man of great foresight and energy of character, and has had the sagacity to see the great position which this country is sure to fill in the world. By prudence and careful management he has become the possessor of an enormous and indeed princely property. Its extent in the aggregate is at least 800,000 acres, or 1,250 square miles, so that he is certainly the largest landowner in South Africa. Nor must it be imagined that this immense area consists of sandy deserts. His farms are all surveyed, all registered, and a printed description of each is in his office. With few exceptions, they consist of fine corn-growing lands, largely abound-

ing in minerals—coal, iron, lead, silver, and gold. A large portion of his property is so situated as to be but little likely to suffer from the inroads of natives."

The author encamped at the farmhouse of an ex-sergeant of the 85th regiment, the owner of houses in a town and a farm of 6,000 acres in the Free State, beside cattle, horses, and sheep. When asked how he obtained this wealth, his laconic reply was:—"Any man can get along here who does not drink." But settlers must make up their minds to hard labour and many privations.

"Too frequently their prosperity is only to be obtained by many a sleepless hour of watching the movements of a savage foe, whose discordant yells may suddenly wake them from dreamland in the quiet hours of the night, to see their houses and homesteads in flames, and their cattle driven off. They are fortunate if they are not left lifeless corpses on their own freeholds."

While some articles of food are cheap, many of what we consider necessities are hardly to be procured at some distance from Cape Town, and, if procurable at all, only at ruinous prices. At Bloemfontein meat, though of very inferior quality, costs as much as in England, while bread is double the price, and butter from 5s. to 6s. the pound. Vegetables are so scarce that 2s. 6d. is generally asked for a cabbage; potatoes cost about 4s. 6d. a pound, and eggs are not unfrequently 6d. each. Wages are everywhere enormously high, and men who have the resolution to resist the temptation of drink and to live on the ordinary products of the district, scanty though they be, must soon put money by. Carpenters, bricklayers, and blacksmiths earn 1l. a day in the Free State. The greatest opening of all seems to be for domestic servants, though they are too well off at home to have much inducement to emigrate.

The dearth of labour retards the development of the resources of South Africa. At Quagga Fontein Sir Arthur saw hundreds of thousands of acres of fine grass land on all sides, but no attempt made to convert it into hay; it is always allowed to go to waste: it would be too expensive to cut it; and yet at this place forage was dear. Pasture lands abound, yet butter is imported from Holland; there are abundant forests, and timber is brought from the Baltic; there is coal in Natal, but it is infinitely cheaper to import it from England.

Sir Arthur was struck with the hardihood of the Boers. There are, he says, no finer young men in the world; they are generally of immense height and size; their life is spent in the open air by day, and they often sleep at night in the *veldt* without covering; they can endure heat, cold, and hunger, and are superior to the Cossack in the saddle, and very far superior to him in the use of the rifle. Their life is very patriarchal, and recalls the descriptions of the good old days of England. All the members of the family sit down to their meals three times a day, the seniors at the upper end of the board above the salt. All passing strangers who appear respectable are welcome guests.

Sir Arthur has some interesting chapters on ostrich-farming, wine-growing, the diamond fields, and on sport. The Kaffirs since they have acquired guns have destroyed

almost all the game in their territory, but there is reason to hope it will increase when the disarmament is effected. The gross superstition of the Kaffirs has in one respect been of great service to civilisation. Before the war broke out a very efficient telegraphic service had been established in the colony, which was of great use during the war. The Kaffirs moving over large tracts of country traversed by wires never injured them. It seems they looked upon them as English witchcraft. They dreaded them, and even prayed to them and made incantations round the tall posts and mysterious wires, invoking their kindness and leniency. We remember to have read that the same superstitious feeling secured the telegraphs which traversed the interior of Australia from injury by the blacks.

This book is agreeably written and abounds in amusing anecdotes and curious facts. It has appeared exactly at the right time, and we recommend it with confidence to our readers.

WILLIAM WICKHAM.

Peregrinus Proteus. By J. M. Cotterill. (T. & T. Clark.)

IN the spring of 1877 there appeared in the *Church Quarterly Review* (see *ACADEMY*, vol. xi., p. 391) a very able article, the first of an intended series, on the Epistle to Diognetus and the Oration to the Gentiles. The writer (who, it now appears, was Mr. Cotterill) suggested, not absolutely for the first time, that neither of these works is a genuine product of primitive Christianity; but that they are forgeries by a scholar of some date from the ninth to the sixteenth century—probably towards the end of the period, since, as neither piece is adapted to a polemical end, the fraud must have been a mere literary *tour de force*. Henry Stephens himself, who first published the two pieces, was, it is hinted, cognisant of the fraud, if it was not he who himself committed it.

The investigation into the Epistle thus begun was never carried farther; but the first instalment not only showed that the author was a man of much acuteness and more learning, but gave a good promise of throwing light on the history of the Epistle itself. Judging from the paper already published, Mr. Cotterill did not seem likely by any means to speak the last word on the question: his article was rather the plea of an acute advocate than a judicial estimate of the case for and against the suspected work. For instance, the religious dignity of tone of the Epistle, and still more its utter irrelevance to the controversies of the later Church, are surely internal evidences of both its genuineness and its early date: but Mr. Cotterill seemed to regard these considerations as only exciting sentimental prejudices which ought to give way to evidence. Then the main evidence adduced against the Epistle was that almost every sentence in it was paralleled, more or less closely, by some sentence in another writer, usually but not always ecclesiastical; and, as many of the ecclesiastical writers were later than the supposed date of the Epistle, it was held that it must be a fraudulent Cento from their works by a scholar who did not write Greek as a living language. It was forgotten that the

Apologies of the second century are, from the nature of the case, rather monotonous in their subject-matter: that one deals with much the same topics as another, often in very nearly the same words; and, whereas internal evidence was not listened to on the general question of the age and authenticity of the work, it was yet assumed that we should be able to note "a marked difference in the character of the coincidences" when we passed the point where "our writer was no longer copying others, but himself being copied." Now, admitting that one or two of the coincidences with St. Irenaeus, and perhaps with St. Hippolytus, are only explicable on the assumption that one writer borrowed from the other, it is a question for argument—a question which perhaps does not allow of solution, but at least needs discussion—which had the more original right to the common phrase?

But, right or wrong in his main theory, Mr. Cotterill had made a valuable contribution to our knowledge of his subject; and it is much to be regretted that he did not complete his monograph on the well-arranged plan on which he began in the *Church Quarterly*. Instead of doing so he has given us the present volume, which it is really difficult to treat with the respect due to its author. In his former article he was careful to point out that the external evidence of the antiquity of the works published by Stephens is not very strong; that it cannot be proved that there ever existed more than one MS. containing them, and that very likely not of earlier date than the fourteenth century. He might have added, if his case required it, that as the *Codex Argenteratensis* is not now in existence, we cannot be quite sure that even it was not part of the fraud. Assuming, as he does (though on this point he is not quite consistent), that Stephens's MS. was identical with the *Codex Argenteratensis*, it is conceivable that the forger of the age of the Renaissance may have written a sham mediæval copy of his sham antique composition. Perhaps the scholars who have in modern times collated the Strassburg Codex would be able to set the question of its antiquity at rest; but no one could blame Mr. Cotterill for raising it, as, indeed, Dr. Donaldson had done before him. It is not *prima facie* absurd to suppose a forgery of a single MS. by a competent scholar and palaeographer, whose honesty was not quite above suspicion.

But in the present volume it is desired to prove, not only that these two works were forgeries of the age of the Renaissance, but that they are pieces of a vast series of frauds, including the Third Book of Maccabees, the apocryphal Gospel of St. Thomas, the two Epistles of St. Clement, Lucian's Death of Peregrinus, Galen's *De Praenotione*, Achilles Tatius' *Clitophon and Leucippe*, and five volumes of Photius' *Bibliotheca*, besides a few other ecclesiastical writings of less importance and sometimes of less certain authenticity. To maintain a thesis like this proves nothing less than total ignorance of the nature of literary evidence. One might have said that it proved equal ignorance of the nature of the human mind, and of the conditions under which literary composition is possible, to suppose that one man was

capable of frigid rhetoric like that of the so-called Third Book of Maccabees and Second Epistle of Clement; of utterances of living Christian fervour like the genuine work of St. Clement, or even the Epistle to Diognetus; and, again, of a clever satire on Christianity and everything else, like that of Lucian. But perhaps this paradox is hardly greater than that of the common authorship of the scholarly, well-composed article in the *Church Quarterly* and of the present volume, where learning and industry are only used to make more conspicuous the absence of method, of good sense, and once or twice of good taste.

It would be mere waste of time to examine in detail Mr. Cotterill's arguments on behalf of his portentous thesis. If his theory needs refutation, it is sufficiently stated when it is shown to imply, in the case of St. Clement only, the forgery by the same person of a Greek MS. apparently of the eleventh century; of a Syriac MS., apparently of the twelfth; and, lastly, of the great *Codex Alexandrinus* of the fifth—these being distributed, nobody knows how, between Constantinople, Paris, and Alexandria, by their clever but unprincipled author, in the calm hope that they would turn up in the course of perhaps from two to four centuries, and be accepted by all scholars as genuine works of the several dates of which he had chosen to counterfeit the handwriting.

As for the method of the argument, there is none, as we have already said, in the sense of a coherent statement of the case with beginning, middle, and end. We have only what may be called a *reductio ad absurdum* of the method of the *Church Quarterly* article. Mr. Cotterill, if he proves anything, proves that verbal coincidences between two writers prove nothing. In many cases the identical words are used in such different senses that he can only suppose that the writer used them by way of a joke: how pointless the joke was, and how utterly hidden from all eyes but Mr. Cotterill's own, seems to him a matter of no importance. The fact that Stephens wrote a book of parodies, not all by any means amusing or clever, is no reason for imputing to him, or to anyone associated with him, so dull an intellectual exercise as this.

There is a fault not uncommon among students of certain subjects—though learned, they are illiterate: they know their special subject of study genuinely, perhaps thoroughly, but they know nothing about it, know nothing of the other sciences whose subject-matter touches theirs, and the conclusions of which limit the range of hypothesis in theirs. It is not necessary that the theologian or the classical scholar shall have a first-hand knowledge of palaeography—hardly that he shall have a judicious literary taste. But it is necessary that he shall know what is known on the subject of ancient documents, or the possibilities of ancient literature; in default of such knowledge he runs the risk of making himself ridiculous in the eyes of men whose special knowledge may be far less than his, but who know how far their own knowledge will carry them, and what facts it has to reckon with beyond its province.

WILLIAM HENRY SIMCOX.

A History of our own Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the Berlin Congress. By Justin McCarthy. In Four Volumes. Vols. I. and II. (Chatto & Windus.)

A WRITER who attempts to do something more than the author of *Annals of our Time* did—i.e., not merely to state recent facts, but to comment on their political and social effects—is under very great disadvantages. It is possible to write a book which people will read and find useful because the facts are given and are more or less skilfully pieced together. But it is difficult to discover, and, if the discovery could be made, it is very inconvenient to state, what are the real motives of political action in the case of personages who are still alive or, if they have died recently, with whom living persons have been intimately associated. When the persons living are of very exalted rank, the analysis becomes still more difficult, and if the conjectures are correct, it is hardly possible to fail of giving offence by publishing the comment. Few books have ever produced more angry and more adverse criticism than Mr. Kinglake's *History of the Crimean War*. Perhaps one of the most amusing episodes in criticism was the different attitude which the *Times* newspaper assumed towards this book as it dealt with the earlier and the later volumes. It is possible that Mr. Kinglake was mistaken when he gave the *Times* so prominent a place in the influences which precipitated that war. It is quite certain that the proprietors of the *Times* were very angry with him for saying what he did. More recently Victor Hugo's *Histoire d'un Crime* has dealt with similarly late events. But this author's work is a memoir of his own place in a great drama, and the persons whom he assails are just now not very much disposed to challenge one who has attacked them.

The first two volumes of Mr. McCarthy's work deal with the political and social history of England from the beginning of the present reign down to the close of the Crimean War. The principal political events of this period are the downfall of the Melbourne administration, an event which was due to the fact that the Whig Government was incompetent to discover the means by which the finances could be retrieved, and widespread distress, caused in great degree by a vicious fiscal system, could be obviated; the accession of Sir Robert Peel to office, under the distinct necessity of undertaking a thorough financial reform which might end, as it did end, in the repeal of the Corn Laws; the political earthquake of 1848, only a faint wave of which was felt in England, thanks to the facts that the English people had been lately taught to see that their distresses lay, not so much in bad government, which must be overthrown to be disarmed, as in bad laws, which may be repealed, and that a significant and most necessary illustration of this practice had lately been given; the rise of the Second French Empire, which, whatever were the crimes of its origin, as yet sympathised with the nationalities; and the growth of the anti-Russian policy, which was certainly due in England to the detestation which the English people felt for

Nicholas after his intervention in Hungary. It is easy to see the sequence of these events and to trace a connexion between them. It is equally easy to see that certain other events which make a great figure in diplomacy—as the Spanish marriages, and the case of Don Pacifico—were matters of Parliamentary and not of national interest, or that the first Afghan War would neither have made nor marred the reputation of a Government.

But, on the other hand, the circumstances under which the Conservative party was reconstructed; the place which the Prince Consort and his adviser Stockmar took in the politics of England; the origin of the Minute under which Palmerston was first rebuked and then dismissed; the events which led to Lord Brougham's protest of August 5, 1850; or the causes which brought about Palmerston's first Government, and his singularly enduring and general popularity, are topics of great interest, but of profound controversy, the time for debating which has not yet come, because history cannot yet be judicial about them. For nothing strikes the student of history more than the comparatively trifling events over which the most vehement political passions have been excited. Men have been willing to silence or proscribe their political foes at many periods of English history for causes which seem ludicrously inadequate, did we not know that motives which could not have been conveniently avowed lurked behind that which was alleged. Nobody who knows the facts imagines that Marlborough's avarice and his wife's arrogance were the causes which led to the rise of Harley's Ministry, or that Walpole's domineering temper called the Patriots into existence, or that Pitt was driven into the war with France in order to avenge the injured majesty of kings and the reputed wrongs of queens. We live far enough away from these events to discuss them, because the passions which they roused are fossils now. But it is very different with the questions adverted to above. They are not yet fit for analysis. *Irritabis crabrones.*

To be sure, Mr. McCarthy does not incur this risk. He has dealt with the history of our own times as Mr. Justice Blackstone dealt with the laws of England—has given a kindly condemnation of what has been discarded, and a genial eulogy of what has been preserved and is still existent. Mr. McCarthy wants people to read his book from all sides and from all parties, and they may read many worse things than the book which he has written. He is careful, therefore, not to criticise or compromise harshly, and not to impugn institutions at all. Even in dealing with the events of the first Afghan campaign he touches too lightly on the mutilation of Sir Alexander Barnes' despatches—the meanest and the most cowardly crime which was ever committed by an English Government—though he cannot but condemn the transaction. If anything were needed to prove how little past acts affect the subsequent reputation of statesmen, the fact that the authorship of this injury to the memory of a public servant, and of this affront put upon Parliament, did not hinder the perpetrator from obtaining subsequently

the highest place in the English constitution would be conclusive. Nor, again, does Mr. McCarthy state what might have been expected from an exponent of current history as to the one-sided operation of the factory laws. He admits that there was no reason to be alleged for the limitation of this reform to the manufacturing population, and the total omission of similar provisions on behalf of the agricultural children. But he sets down the discrepancy to the "practical" character of the Englishman's mind, and "its extreme dislike and contempt for principles in politics." It seems to us that there is no civilised nation which has carried certain principles to greater length in detail than the Englishman has. The principles of free trade in the products of industry; of the necessity that exists of relieving destitution; of toleration for the expression of political and religious opinion when such an expression is not libellous or immoral; to take some instances at random, have been carried out to an extent which surprises some nations and frightens others. The fact is, what people call a dislike to principles in politics is the dislike which a powerful interest has to yielding its ground when its position is logically untenable, but the attack has not yet become strong enough for Parliamentary action. Here it strives to postpone the settlement of the controversy by suggesting a compromise which will leave the interest as strong as it can safely be left. The landed interests, which were overwhelmingly powerful in Parliament, made no serious difficulty in legislating for the factory operatives, and accidentally did a real service to the working classes, and no less to the capitalists, as Mr. Edwin Chadwick has amply proved: but they have not extended and, as long as they can, they will not extend the same protection to the agricultural population. It is impossible to think that so experienced a publicist as Mr. McCarthy is could have been in the dark as to the motives which distorted the details and suggested the limitations of the Factory Act.

In his anxiety to give a plausible and on the whole a genial account of the career of public men, the author of these volumes is occasionally superficial. Mr. McCarthy knew Mr. Cobden, but he has failed to give a just estimate of his public services. It is an error to say that this statesman "cared little or nothing for mere sentiments," or that, for example, he did not see that the "idea of nationality should induce people to disturb themselves by insurrections and wars." He thought war an evil, the very worst way of settling a difference. But what he attacked was, not war in itself, but wars of intervention, the purpose of which was to preserve the balance of power. He sympathised profoundly with Kossuth and the Hungarian cause. But he did not think that England should go to war in order to resuscitate the kingdom of Poland. He was perfectly consistent when he denounced the war with Russia, though he knew well enough that the popular feeling in England was due to the intervention of Russia in Hungary. The motive which led him to suggest and carry out the commercial treaty with France was his belief, amply verified by subsequent experience, that the best

efforts of diplomacy are those which develop the sentiment of friendliness out of the recognised advantages of commercial intercourse. He honoured, after a short reluctance, the sentiment which prompted the patriots of the United States to defend the Union even at the cost of civil war; and as he was the first to foresee how great was the suffering which the war would inflict on the cotton operatives in the North, so he never spoke without the profoundest reverence for the patient nobleness with which the sufferers bore the pinch of compulsory idleness. Such a judgment as his was, in that crisis, is a sufficient proof of the tenderness with which he cared for sentiments.

But we repeat, Mr. McCarthy's book is honest and healthy. If it does not pretend to discuss the deeper motives of political action during the last forty years, and still less to determine how it is that certain forces have so great an influence in English social and public life, it does not offend by that vulgar adulation in which most of those indulge who affect to tell us the story of our own experience, and whose works will be hereafter utterly worthless for the interpretation of the events which they affect to narrate. If too many people are made respectable, some people are not treated as though they were phoenixes or chimeras. The best-drawn public character in the book is that of Sir Robert Peel. But we cannot help thinking that Mr. McCarthy has set down, sound Irishman as he is, the decline of O'Connell's influence to the wrong cause. It does not appear to us that O'Connell lost his power because he counselled obedience to the law, and succeeded in enforcing his views on those who were to attend the meeting at Clontarf. O'Connell's error lay—and it was the only error which this great Irishman committed—in his adherence to an aim which was impossible, and from the English point of view inexpedient, the absolute and unconditional repeal of the Act of 1800. It is not possible in a short notice in this Review to state what he would have asked for if he had lived in our day.

JAMES E. THOROLD ROGERS.

A Masque of Poets. "No Name Series." (Boston, U. S.: Roberts.)

A VOLUME of miscellaneous verse by anonymous contributors who are not novices is rather a new idea, and this is what we understand *A Masque of Poets* to be. As often happens, the secrets have not been very well kept, and various little birds have flown across the Atlantic with identifications which may be true and may be false. Thus we are told that the longest poem in the book, "Guy Vernon," is the work of Mr. Trowbridge; that a short piece called "Pilgrims" is a relic of Thoreau; that Mr. Lowell has contributed two poems—a sonnet and a short song—which will not exalt him much above his present station on or about Parnassus; that the late Mr. Bayard Taylor is responsible for "A Lover's Tests," and Mr. Stedman for an exceedingly weak versification of part of *Aucassin et Nicolette*. Of more interest to English readers are the identifications of English bards. Mr. Aubrey de Vere is credited with a sonnet on

"Eld;" Mr. Allingham with the celebration of a certain Amy Margaret; Mr. Austin Dobson with a rondel, "The Wanderer;" Lord Houghton with a handful of pleasant anapaests entitled "Question and no Answer;" Miss Christina Rossetti with "Husband and Wife," in eights and sixes, and Mr. Marzials with two pieces—a rondeau, "At Twilight," and "From Herzegovina."

Not quite half the book is taken up with "Guy Vernon." The versification is of the *Don Juan* order, and is in parts remarkably light and easy. The author so pathetically entreats his reviewers not to divulge his plot that we cannot find it in our hearts to refuse him. But he will not, we suppose, object to a list of his *dramatis personae*. These are Guy Vernon, an elderly but amorous Southern planter; Florinda, wife of the same; Robert Lorne, a journalist who cultivates

"The art—imaginative and dramatic—
Of writing foreign letters from an attic,"

and is jilted by Florinda; and lastly, Sandy, a faithful nigger. These four persons disport themselves in a very pleasantly-told tale, which, if it were not for some *longueurs* in its latter part, would be an unusually favourable specimen of serio-comic poetry. That its quality is good the following stanzas will show; though for our own part we reserve our opinion on the question whether serio-comic poetry on the great scale is worth writing.

"His lodging overlooked, in the metropolis,
A narrow business street not over nice,
And unromantically over-populous,
Where, much against the aforesaid friends' advice,
He kept on writing at a moderate price
Pieces pathetic, picturesque, or funny,
Which gained for him much credit and some money.
One April afternoon, as he sat writing,
Buried in books and papers to the chin,
Where the high luthern window let the light in,
A hand, scarce heard above the incessant din
Of the loud street, tapped at his door. "Come in!"
He shouted out in tones not over civil,
Expecting no one but the printer's devil.
Then, too intently occupied to stop, he,
Still studying an unfinished period,
Over his shoulder reached a roll of copy,
Giving a little sidelong careless nod;
But thought the fellow's movements rather odd,
Turned slowly, gazed, and just escaped capsizing
His loaded table in his hasty rising.
He stands and stammers, so confused and vexed is he
At his own awkward blunder; but, O Heaven!
What sudden joy, what thrilling boundless ecstasy,
When from a woman's veil one glance is given,
And, like a panting fawn to covert driven,
Pale, with a look of exquisite concern on
Her fair sweet face, behold Florinda Vernon!"

This panting fawn is perhaps rather a stale piece of venison; but if any reader cares to read what preceded the interview and what came of it we do not think he will be disappointed.

The rest of the book is occupied by a large number of smaller pieces of very various merit. The serious and impassioned poems are not extraordinarily good, but at the same time many of them are far from bad. There is, for instance, a pleasant music in the expression of the following:—

"A QUANDARY.
Tell my lady she is fair?
That no news is truly.
Tell her she is sweet and rare
Pure and lovely past compare?
Will it strike her newly?"

No! some other way to woo
Must be found to win her.
What if I be fond and true?
All the world adores her too,
Such a spell is in her."

And in this:—

"Oh! earth and heaven are far apart,
But what if they were one,
And neither you nor I, sweetheart,
Had any way misdone?
When we, like laughing rivers fleet
That cannot choose but flow,
Among the flowers should meet and greet,
Should meet and mingle so,
Sweetheart!
That would be sweet, I know."

Neither of these comes into the list of divulged authorships. But Mr. Dobson's rondel and Mr. Marzials' rondeau deserve notice, though we do not like the trisyllabic refrain of the latter. Some comic efforts in a style different from the usual American comedy seem to us very good. Hood would not, we think, have refused to sign "The Ballad of the Wicked Nephew." The shorter "Beau of the Town" will finish this notice well:—

"He once was young and gay,
A beau;
Ah! that was long ago.
To-day
He is very old and gray.
His clothes were once the best:
His tile
Was at the top of style,
His vest
Was flowered upon his breast.
He then was tall and slim,
His eye
Made all the maidens sigh
For him—
One of the cherubim.
He drove a handsome pair
Of grays,
And all men sang his praise.
The heir
Had plenty, and to spare.
He now is poor, and lame,
And bent;
His sunshine friends all went,
And shame
To take their places came.
The flowers upon his vest
Are rags,
His coat is green and sags;
The rest
May easily be guessed.
His youth was spent in vain;
His age
Is like a blotted page.
His bane
Was Roederer's champagne."

This reminds us in its adroit mock solemnity of an admirable Chant Royal, "Mrs. Jones," which appeared not long ago in an American magazine.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

The Life and Letters of Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., F.R.S. By his Son-in-Law, W. R. W. Stephens, Prebendary of Chichester, &c. In Two Volumes. Second Edition. (R. Bentley & Son.)
Parish Sermons. By Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., F.R.S. Edited by the Rev. Walter Hook, M.A. (R. Bentley & Son.)

FEW men have deserved better of their Church than the subject of this interesting memoir. Dean Hook will always stand out as a type of manly Christianity in an age when the tendency of religion was towards

effeminacy. Intensely spiritual and yet thoroughly practical, the warmest of friends and the most placable of foes, mixing with men rather than with books, and yet as conspicuous for his learning as for his tact and temper, we know no one with a better claim to the title that has been given him of "the foremost Parish Priest of his age." He was the first High Churchman of the religious revival who reduced principles to practice and allowed his parochial experience to modify the conclusions of the study. His strong common-sense, which made him popular among the shrewd men of Coventry, Birmingham, and Leeds, preserved him from lapsing into those extravagances and eccentricities which in later times have thrown discredit upon the party to which he belonged. It has been said, apologetically, that we cannot expect to have zeal and earnestness except from "extreme men;" the best answer to such a fallacy is to point to "the great champion of the *via media*," and ask who has been in labours more abundant or in zeal more earnest than he.

Walter Farquhar Hook may be said to have entered life with everything in his favour except the doubtful advantages of wealth and good looks. His almost Socratic ugliness was a frequent subject of mirth to himself and others. He was no exception to the rule that a good man must have a good mother, and from his father's side he inherited many intellectual gifts, as well as the keen sense of humour which often stood him in good stead at critical moments of his career. In 1812, after some five years' schooling at Hertford and Tiverton, he was sent at the age of fourteen to "Commoners" at Winchester, where his father then held a canonry. School-life at Winchester has always been hard, and to a sensitive and tender-hearted lad like Walter Hook it proved irksome and painful. The one thing that brightened it was that which also gladdened his whole subsequent life: the intimate—we might almost say, the sacred—friendship which he there formed with William Page Wood (now Lord Hatherley). From the first some secret affinity drew together the two boys, so different in character, in pursuits, in their previous training and associations; and they never ceased to supplement and influence each other. Hook's progress in the regular course of learning was impeded by his literary tastes. A passionate lover of Shakspeare and Milton, he had no ardour for Virgil and Homer, and but for Wood's incitement and help he might neither have sought nor attained a good position in the school.

In 1818 he passed from Winchester to Christ Church, Oxford, where Shakspeare was his only friend. Sir John Falstaff's society compensated him for the absence of other good fellowship, and a solitary pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon was the chief recreation of his college career. The choice of his profession having been wisely left to himself, he determined to take holy orders, and in 1821 was ordained to the curacy of his father's parish of Whippingham. With the new life a new phase of Hook's character was speedily developed. Separated from his friend Wood's daily companionship

as he had been by his removal to Oxford, and afterwards debarred for a time from even occasional intercourse with him through the prejudices of his father, Hook's affections remained unchanged. No second friendship thrust the first into the shade, and he seems to have run some danger of falling into the habits of a literary recluse. From this he was saved, partly by his strong sense of duty and partly by the powerful sympathies of his nature. He threw himself with all his heart and mind into his parochial work, and won the affections of rich and poor around him. Every hour not spent upon the active duties of his calling was devoted to laying deep the foundation of that theological learning which preserved him through life from being carried away by every wind of doctrine or the shifting tides of religious partisanship. Writing to the *Guardian* newspaper in 1850 he says with perfect truth:—"I am not conscious of having changed a single principle during the last thirty years; but on the contrary I am only more confirmed in my admiration of the principles of the English Reformation, and more persuaded that the Church of England 'is the purest and best reformed Church in Christendom.' For asserting this I have been called a High Churchman, and I assert it still. As far as the Church of England goes I will go, but not a step further. Neither will I intentionally come short of her requirements. I have not left any old party, and certainly I have not united myself to any new party."

In 1826 he quitted the curacy of Whippingham for that of Mosely, then a quiet country village; to which was soon afterwards added the Lectureship of St. Philip's in Birmingham. This was his first introduction to town work, a brief but doubtless a valuable training for the far more prominent and onerous duties to which he was summoned two years later when presented by Lord Lyndhurst to the living of Holy Trinity in Coventry. In the following summer he married the daughter of Dr. Johnstone, of Birmingham, a woman of rare and delightful character, and admirably adapted by her wisdom and cheerfulness to be the helpmate of a man of impulsive nature. The eight years of his ministry at Coventry were stirring ones for the Church at large as well as for his parish, for during them the first *Tracts for the Times* were published, and the great "Oxford movement" began. Hook's relation to this movement is carefully pointed out by his excellent biographer, and deserves to be noted. To call him the disciple of the Tract-writers was, as their leaders said, absurd. Not only, as they admitted, had he formed his views upon most points before any of them; but they were simply propounding the principles which he had long been quietly working out. "He was the *beginner* of all things here; he set everything a-going"—such was the summing-up of his old Coventry parishioners. By some happy art, known only to himself and which he himself seemed hardly able to explain, he trained his people to desire and to demand the changes which he wished to introduce. Evening and choral services, Lent lectures, reading-rooms, crowded Sunday schools with a full staff of devoted and efficient teachers, to say nothing of the new idea of *worship* in divine service and the increase of spiritual life in his parish—all

these were established by him during his brief residence of eight years in Coventry. In all his labours his wife was his ready sympathiser: in some his active coadjutor; but the strain of such work was tremendous, and he was often forced by attacks of epilepsy to suspend it entirely. At such times it was only natural that he should sigh for the comparative ease of a country parish, where he could enjoy that converse with books and chosen friends from which the ceaseless round of arduous duties debarred him.

It was not without opposition that he was elected in 1837 to the important post of Vicar of Leeds. The name of Tractarian had by this time become a byword of bitterest reproach, and the Evangelical party in Leeds had only to apply it to Hook to rally all their forces against him. The attack failed. The shrewd and honest townsfolk quickly learnt to appreciate one as shrewd and honest as themselves, and echoed the greeting of the discerning Dissenter, "He'll do, he'll do." His frank yet friendly attitude towards those who differed from him; his fearless enunciation of his own principles whether to his bishop or his parishioners; the ready tact with which he turned the tables on contumacious ratepayers and obstructive churchwardens; his unquestionable ability and zeal; above all, the constant tenderness and earnestness of his character, made irresistible way at Leeds, and enabled him to carry out there the vast work with which his name will be permanently associated.

We need not trace his career further. The twenty-two years which he spent at Leeds were in every sense the best years of his life. But even when the vintage was over the after-gleaning was no despicable one. With him the occupation of a deanery did not mean dignified ease, but only the diversion of his energies into fresh channels. At Chichester

"He became a different being. The literary vein or element in his character, always strong and active, but always held in check by a sense of duty, and kept subservient to the demands of his pastoral vocation, had now free scope and became dominant once more as it had been in the days of his boyhood."

If his reputation had not been already made it would have been at once secured by the great literary work of his later days—*The Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*—in which his habitual honesty and industry are alike conspicuous.

We have left ourselves little space in which to speak of the private letters which lend so much interest to his biography. They disclose an inner history which at times is in strong contrast to that of the outer man, and the reader will be often surprised and sometimes affected by the tone in which they are written. Hook was the last man who could be charged with morbidness and effeminacy, but there is many a passage in his correspondence that is quite womanly in its tenderness, which indicates such keen sensitiveness of conscience and such ardent spiritual longings as to make one love as well as admire his character.

Prebendary Stephens has done his work as editor unobtrusively and excellently. He

has given us no second-hand portraiture of his father-in-law; but has, with rare judgment, allowed him to speak for himself through every page of a most interesting biography.

It is quite possible that many who have read with interest Dean Hook's *Life* will be a little disappointed with the specimens of his *Parish Sermons* now given to the world. They are, indeed, of high character, both as regards thought and expression, but we can scarcely describe them as very eloquent or very powerful; and, if we did not remember the charm of the preacher's voice and intonation, we should be at a loss to account for the remarkable effect which they undoubtedly produced upon those who heard them. Dean Hook was, in truth, no mere pulpit orator or skilful rhetorician. Exaggeration, declamation, and artifice of any kind he despised and abjured. His words had weight because they were the words of soberness and truth, or they touched the hearts of others because they came forth from a heart full of genuine sympathy and warm affection.

The sermon on the use and abuse of symbolical teaching ("The Ribband of Blue") is one which well displays the Dean's sound Churchmanship and equally sound sense; and in that which is quaintly entitled "Sweet Cane" we have a capital example of a thoroughly practical and instructive discourse. There is nothing dull, commonplace, or affected in any one of these *Parish Sermons*, and there are often passages of great beauty and singular tenderness; but, we must repeat, it is not through them alone that any adequate notion can be formed of the powerful sway which the vicar exercised over his congregation at Leeds, turning "the heart of all the men, even as the heart of one man."

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

Henrici de Bracton de Legibus et Consuetudinibus Angliæ Libri Quinque ad diversorum et vetustissimorum codicum collationem typis vulgati. Edited by Sir Travers Twiss, Q.C. Vol. I. (Rolls Series.)

ALTHOUGH it was known that the editor of Bracton, as first published in 1569, had not proceeded on a complete collation of MSS., it was doubtful whether a new edition was required. Reeve's opinion as to the incorrectness of the printed text was not shared by Güterbock, the learned judge and professor at Königsberg. His monograph on Bracton and his relation to Roman Law still remains the best account of this author, the neglect of whose work in its scientific and historical aspects by English lawyers until quite recent times would have been strange in any other country. In 1872, however, Mr. H. S. Milman, of the Inner Temple, directed attention to the existence of several hitherto unnoticed MSS. The present editor, following out Mr. Milman's suggestion, has collated most of the important MSS., and, adopting the printed text of 1569, subjoins the variations in the Bodleian MS., Rawlinson C 160, printing an English translation on parallel pages with the Latin. If the question of a new edition turned solely upon the matter of the text, we should be inclined to say that the remark

of Coxe, the American translator of Güterbock, that it would depend on the existence of a purer text than that of 1569 whether a new edition was needed, was correct, and, as the variations from what the present editor calls the classical text of 1569 are neither numerous nor important, we should have considered the present publication superfluous. But undoubtedly there is great convenience in having the book in the present form, with a marginal abstract and full references to the *Corpus Juris* and *Summa* of Azo, from which so much of it is compiled, though it may be hoped it is rather for American than English lawyers that a translation has been deemed necessary. The Introduction is also of value for those who do not possess Güterbock's work; but we regret that the learned editor has not accompanied the text with an historical and explanatory commentary, which Güterbock pointed out as a *desideratum* and any German editor of such a work would have supplied. We trust that the renewed attention to the sources of English law which this publication and Mr. Nichols' Britton indicate may stimulate some English lawyer to undertake a History of English Law, for, excellent as Mr. Reeve's work is in accuracy and the clearness of its summaries, much has been learnt since its publication, and its style and form are such as to repel rather than attract readers. Leaving to the English lawyer to estimate the place of Bracton in the history of the common law, we prefer to notice one or two points on which his treatise illustrates the history of the Constitution.

The date at which Bracton—certainly a justiciar, and possibly at one time a Professor of Law at Oxford—concluded his work gives it a peculiar importance. It has been fixed within narrow limits by the ingenious criticism of Güterbock, in the years 1256-9. It represents, therefore, the opinions of an English lawyer and judge at the critical point of the thirteenth century, just before the outbreak of the Barons' War, whose result was to plant on the foundations of Magna Charta the representative assembly which still directs the fortunes of the English people.

In the passages where Bracton speaks of the dignity of the king we recognise the same language as the Barons breathed in the memorable acts of the period—the Petition to the Parliament of Oxford and the Provisions of Oxford and Westminster:—

"Ipse autem rex non debet esse sub homine, sed sub deo et sub lege, quia lex facit regem" (p. 38).

"Sic ergo rex, ne potestas sua maneat infrenata, igitur non debet esse major in regno suo in exhibitione juris, minimus autem esse debet vel quasi in iudicio suscipiendo si petat. Si autem ab eo petatur (cum breve non currat contra ipsum) locus erit supplicationi quod factum suum corrigat et emendet, quod quidem si non faciat satis sufficit ei ad fraenum quod Dominum expectet ultorem."

And again:—

"Rex autem habet superiorem, Deum scilicet; item legem per quam factus est rex; item curiam suam, videlicet comites barones, quia comites dicuntur quasi socii regis: et qui habet socium habet magistrum, et ideo si rex fuerit sine fraeno et sine lege, debent ei fraenum ponere, nisi ipsimet cum rege sine fraeno; et tunc clamabunt subditi et dicent: Domine Jesu Christe, in chamo et fraeno maxillas eorum constringe; ad quos Dominus:

Vocabo super eos gentem robustam et longinquam et ignotam," &c. (p. 268).

It is of great interest to find the feudal lawyer preaching the doctrine of limited monarchy in the middle of the thirteenth century. It is another fact not undeserving of notice that while the Scotch law-book called *Regiam Majestatem*, compiled (with several interpolations and omissions) from Glanville, asserts in one of these interpolations that the king has no superior but God and the Holy Roman Church (Preface to *Regiam Majestatem*), Bracton substitutes for the Church, in the parallel passage of his work, the Law and the Curia Regis. In other parts of his book Bracton speaks with respect of the Pope and the Church, but he never arrogates for them the position of superiority to the king or the law, as is well shown by a passage quoted in the Introduction to the present edition (p. xli.). He is the common lawyer, not the canonist, and his references to the *Corpus Juris Canonici* are rare in comparison with the frequent use he makes of the Roman civil law, whole texts of which, chiefly—though not exclusively—as summarised by the Glossator Azo, are copied into his work.

The true relation of Bracton's work to the Roman civil law, and the position which that law occupied in England during the thirteenth century, have hitherto been greatly misunderstood by English lawyers; and we are glad to observe that Sir T. Twiss follows what is undoubtedly the correct view—"that it is difficult to explain why Bracton should have made use of Roman law to the extent to which he has done if it was a foreign law which had no roots in English soil before." The rejection of Roman law by the English courts and common lawyers does not date, as is sometimes supposed, from the prohibition of the lectures of Vacarius by Stephen, which, we are expressly told by John of Salisbury, failed to effect its object—"nam eo magis invaluit virtus legis Deo favente;" and it has nothing to do with the repudiation of the canon law legitimation by subsequent marriage at the Parliament of Merton. The civil law did not become odious until Edward I. tried, as many monarchs before and since have done, to make it subservient to the Imperialist principles of government. This is at once seen if we compare the style of Bracton with that of Britton, the law-book published by Edward, which is compiled out of Bracton and Fleta, but in which almost all the passages of Bracton derived from the purer period of Roman jurisprudence disappear, and the dogma of the Imperialist Civilian, "quod principi placuerit pro lege habetur," is accepted in every page, and is, indeed, expressly referred to by the annotators (MS. N, quoted in Nichols' Britton, p. 2). It is not necessary to accept all the names referred to by Duck as historical; but there is every reason to believe that there was continuous teaching of the civil law at Oxford from the time of Vacarius until the return of Edward's favourite, the younger Accursius, to Bologna. Even so recent a writer as Sir H. Maine falls into a strange error when he alludes to the "plagiarisms of Bracton," and observes:—

"That an English writer of the time of Henry

III. should have been able to put off on his countrymen as a compendium of pure English law a treatise of which the entire form and a third of the contents were directly borrowed from the *Corpus Juris*, and that he should have ventured on this experiment in a country where the systematic study of the Roman law was formally proscribed, will always be among the most hopeless enigmas in the history of jurisprudence" (*Ancient Law*, p. 82).

There is no more plagiarism in Bracton than in Coke's Littleton or Stephen's Blackstone. His obligations to the *Corpus Juris* and Azo are acknowledged quite as fully as the custom of that age required, in which every lawyer, chronicler or schoolman was more or less a copyist. "Et ideo tabula," for example, Bracton observes, "cedit picturae, ut in Institutis plenius inveniri poterit et in Summâ Azonis" (p. 76). The public for which he wrote had probably every one of them the Institutes and Azo, though not in his possession, within his reach; for it had not yet become possible to say—

"In Institutis comparo vos brutis,
In Digestis nihil potestis,
Et vos vocamini doctores:
O tempora! O mores!"

More important than the question of criticism as to the extent of the English lawyer's knowledge, in Bracton's time, of the civil law is the question of substance—what effect the knowledge had in the progress of the English common law and its relation to the constitutional development. It has sometimes been taken for granted that the Roman law has a natural affinity to despotism. Codification, which has its first important example in the labours of Justinian's jurists, has been frequently deemed one of those things which can only be successfully accomplished by autocrats. It is undoubtedly true that the mere legist, just as the mere dogmatist, is indifferent to the value of liberty. But in this there is nothing peculiar to the Roman lawyer or civilian. The lawyers who defended the arbitrary government of the Stuarts in England were common lawyers who despised the Roman law. The most thorough-going reforms ever contemplated with regard to the law of England prior to our own times were those of the statesmen and lawyers of the Commonwealth. The Roman law itself, although it did not receive its final form—a form far from perfect, as the student of the Digest well knows—until the Empire had completed the destruction of the free Republic, had its sources, not in the jurists of the later Empire, nor even—though it owed much to them—in the jurists of the era of Hadrian and the Antonines, but in the noblest days of Rome, when, instead of "Silent leges inter arma," it could be said, "Cedant arma togæ." The more thoroughly it is studied, the more clearly does it appear that its permanent parts are based upon a philosophy which is independent of forms of government—that its purest ore is the most ancient.

There was nothing anomalous, therefore, in a lawyer of Bracton's temper, opposed to the tyranny of the Plantagenets, founding upon its doctrines. It must, on the other hand, be fully conceded that it was fortunate that the father of the common law of

England set the first example of the value of the precedents of the English courts, and the importance of accepting them—to use the common phrase—as "settling the law." In this respect he is the practical—as distinguished from the theoretical—lawyer, not the mere professor teaching the law to students or readers, but the justiciar who has administered it in court, surrounded by acute pleaders and eager parties. In a valuable note Mr. Coxe points out that not less than 484 actual cases are cited by Bracton.

If to this work there was added an edition of Glanville, to which the fragments of the tract of Henry I., referred to by Cooper (*Account of the most important Public Records of Great Britain*, ii., 412), might be prefixed; an edition of the *Summa* of Thornton of 1292 (not yet printed), and of Fleta, the series would form, along with Mr. Nichols' Britton, an invaluable aid to all students of the history of English law and the English Constitution.

Æ. J. G. MACKAY.

NEW NOVELS.

Beneath the Wave. By Dora Greenwell. In Three Volumes. (Maxwell.)

The World She Awoke In. By Lizzie Aldridge. In Three Volumes. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

The Prodigal Daughter. By Mark Hope. In Three Volumes. (Chapman & Hall.)

Friends Only. By Emily Harris. "Bluebell Series." (Marcus Ward.)

In the earlier pages of *Beneath the Wave* occurs the one touch of the picturesque with which Miss Dora Greenwell can be credited: the washing ashore, after a storm, of a mysterious and solitary corpse, the corpse of a woman, wearing jewels of price; and this even, to those who remember the opening chapters of *The Pirate*, will seem less original than it might have been. For the rest, *Beneath the Wave* is a fairly good second-rate novel, with plenty of incident, plenty of tolerable dialogue, and some freshness of fact and of character. As a piece of craftsmanship, it is not particularly successful. The drowned woman, once washed ashore and made a mystery of, is lost sight of forthwith, and the mystery centred in her is really of no consequence at all in the development of the story. That story is made to turn on the character of a haughty and selfish beauty, who inveigles into marriage a cold and passionate and obviously inscrutable man of the world, wrecked on her father's estate a few hours before the arrival of the mysterious corpse. In due time she transfers her smiles to another person, and her husband commits suicide. Only then is the *raison d'être* of the mysterious corpse made manifest. The man of the world was a widower when he married the beauty. He had contracted an alliance with a vulgar and lovely Spanish girl, and in a moment of passion had thrown her overboard from his yacht. Consequently, when his faithless wife appears upon the scene as his lawful widow and the mother of his heir, she is told that there is an heir in Spain, and is thus justly punished for her

wickedness and deceit. Of course this might have been done without the help of a mysterious corpse; but the author had to make a story of a mysterious corpse, and this is how her story came to her. The moral would seem to be that men of the world ought on no account to let their temper get the upper hand of them aboard a yacht; and that wicked beauties who run away with captains in the Guards are sure in the end to meet with a Nemesis of some sort. There are people of all kinds in the book; and when it is added that its sub-heroine—though she actually does the feat only contemplated by Jane Eyre, and marries a curate whom she esteems but does not love—is able at last, thanks to a timely fever, to wed the hero, so that in a certain sense it may be said to end happily, enough will have been said of it.

The World She Awoke In, crowded though it be with aesthetic persons and persons with a mission, is, after its first chapter, which is a rhapsody of awaking, very fresh and pleasant reading. The heroine—she who awakes—is a certain Margaret Hope, whose father, a Doctor Hope, has died of a fever caught in the attempt to make low London clean and healthy; and the world she awakes in is a very high-toned and high-principled world indeed. There are authors in it, and there are scientific men; the Museum Reading Room is well known to it, and so is the Royal Institution; and what with the composition of books and articles, and the carrying out of missions, and the persuasion into undertaking them of those who have a gift for them, but are too lazy or too timid to use it to advantage, the time passes in it neither unprofitably nor unpleasantly. Margaret Hope is wooed of course, but she remains unwon. She makes herself a nurse, and appears to be dismissed into space to go about and do good always. Others there are, however, who are not so philanthropic as she. Pleasant Vessie Eade, the poetess and authoress, is engaged with great promptitude, but is unhappily allowed to die early. But Margaret's cousins, Vi and La, attractive creatures both, are coaxed at last into marriage; and the book ends in a picture of unselfish effort and all-round friendship that is really good to look at. Vi and La, it should be noted, are excellent work in character, and speak capitably; and Grandpa and Grandma Des Anges, the former especially, are very sound and good things also. The book, in short, is a pleasant and a healthy book, and should be read widely.

The Prodigal Daughter is a story somewhat after the manner of Mr. Charles Reade. It has a purpose, that is to say, and has been prepared for as to its details by the assimilation by the author of a vast quantity of facts. Its main purpose is the purpose of *It's Never too Late to Mend*, but it has a suspicion in it of the *Hard Cash* interest, and deals in a manner that may be called romantically utilitarian with prisons and lunatic asylums both. The sufferer, it must be noted, is no convict, is no Tom Robinson; it is a woman who has been cruelly wronged, who has committed a crime of violence by mistake, and who, having become the knot in a big intrigue, is fraudfully removed

from prison to a private madhouse. Of course the hero is a clergyman philanthropically inclined; and of course the hero and the sufferer are mated in the end. What is more to the purpose is that the novel is as clever and as full of promise as any first book I remember to have read; that it has a singularly complex and ingenious plot which, up to a certain point at least, is not only structurally effective, but is also instinct with vigour of movement; and that, though its faults are neither few nor slight, it has merits both great and frequent. What rebuts you most in it is the bald cold realism of its descriptions of places and processes, which are as minute and as bare of life and the effect of the picturesque as a scientific drawing. What attracts you is the author's knowledge, not of places and processes only, but of men and women and the life they lead, in difficulties or out of them. He does not always succeed in making his people talk as they might and ought to talk; his dialogue, indeed, is one of his weakest points. But he knows what they do and how they do it; he has seen them in action in all sorts of places and under all sorts of circumstances; and he has enough of human sympathy to enter a great way into their individualities and accompany them some distance in their advance. He fails most with his serious and ambitious sketches; his heroine is not attractive, is slight and shadowy, has altogether too much the air of a case or an abstraction; and as for his hero, the ease with which he, a man unconsciously in love, allows himself to be baffled and diverted from his efforts on the beloved one's behalf is one of the weak points of the intrigue. Some of his minor characters, however, are so brilliantly and forcibly touched off as to be really remarkable: Sprottle, for instance—Sprottle, the mad-doctor—is, in his first appearance at least, a sketch that might with a little condensation find a place among Molière's caricature-etchings of the faculty; and there are others as good and as striking as he. On the whole, indeed, it would almost seem that Mr. Mark Hope, though he can write both forcibly and picturesquely, as his fire and his railway accident will prove, would do well to sacrifice some of his realisms to his sense of the comic, and to give his humour freer play than he has done. So long as he leaves London and Scotland alone, he is tolerably safe to do something clever and good: as witness his Lieutenant Bool, his Vigus (a capital drawing), his private-enquiry man, his Keyser, his Jabbot, his Mrs. Bailie; all of whom are so excellent as to be really good company. It is the more tragically given of his people that are disappointing; while as for the ghastly gibberish to which he turns the Scots and London dialects ("Fifteen hae's found her frands then!"), the less one thinks of it the better for one's peace of mind. Whether Mr. Mark Hope is likely to serve the cause he has at heart by writing novels about it, or whether he will advance the interests of art by using it as a means and not as an end, are questions I do not need to discuss. What is certain is that in *A Prodigal Daughter* he has produced so good and readable a novel that after its perusal, though you do not particularly want

to go back on it, you make a mental note that you will read the author's next as soon as you have the chance. And that, as novels and authors go, is a kind of note one does not often have to make.

Miss Harris's *Friends Only* is a weakly and eloquent piece of fiction, whose end it is a relief to attain to, and whose beginning is neither an interest nor a joy. All the characters are very virtuous, and most of them are sufficiently tedious. The chief among them dabble a great deal in art, and take themselves more seriously by far than they can be taken by their readers. One of them is a musician and musical critic, who plays the violin at an early age so well as to obtain an engagement at one of the principal London concert-rooms. He is the heroine's cousin; and he and the heroine, who writes perhaps the worst verse ever written, do their best to fall in love with each other. They fail, however, and fly off at a tangent towards other passions: he to the cult of Lucy Beverly, a fair and somewhat stupid governess; she to the adoration of a certain "Boy Clement" (own brother to Lucy), who has a dreadful habit, not only of writing verse, but of carrying his works about in his pocket, and of producing and reading them on the very slightest provocation. In the intervals of love and verse-making and witching a London audience these gifted beings inscribe themselves in sportive albums and talk a great deal of impatience. So that, though you are sorry that "Boy Clement" does not break his neck instead of his arm and his leg in the incidental conflagration that makes things right all round, you are glad to get rid of him and his companions on any terms, and you end by forgiving the authoress this weakness, and speeding the two couples of lovers with a parting blessing of unusual earnestness. Aunt Honor, I should add, is a more pleasant person than most of her society; and Pussy, the child, is very amusing indeed. The best thing in the book is Dolly's prayer for a new doll (pp. 174-175), which is simply admirable.

W. E. HENLEY.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

VICTOR HUGO's new work—*La Pitié suprême*—is in very much the same style as his last year's poem, entitled *Le Pape*. It only contains one single idea, one single sentiment, which it develops like a theme in a symphony by means of prolonged variations, which repeat it in almost identical forms. He rightly applies to himself the words of Dante: "If I am not understood, I will begin afresh; I will repeat a hundred times the same thing." It is true that the fundamental idea or note of the philanthropic concerto is fine and noble. It is universal pity, more especially pity for the unhappy tyrants of humanity, whose crime is before all else a terrible misfortune into which they have been dragged irresistibly by the fascination of power and the base flatteries of their courtiers, as well as by the dizziness caused by the giddy height from which they behold the world at their feet.

"Devant le monde entier fléchissant le genou
Est-il un seul de vous qui s'affirme infallible?
Qui donc, hors Jésus-Christ, osera dire: 'Moi!'"

The most successful passage in the poem is that which describes Louis XV. as a child:—

"Regardez cet enfant de cinq ans; la feuillée
N'a pas d'oiseau plus pur, plus frais, plus ébloui,

La bénédiction semble sortir de lui,
il est encore
Tout plein de la bonté divine; il en arrive."

The perversion wrought in this virgin soul by the intoxication of omnipotence is depicted in traits often full of power, but occasionally somewhat forced. We must mention also the fine verses which bring before us John Huss and his executioner, claiming our compassion for the latter, far more an object of pity than his victim. Before pardoning the great criminals of history, Victor Hugo gives himself the satisfaction of painting their misdeeds with that frenzy of the brush which never seems to have plastered on startling or even revolting colours enough; for it is more and more evident that the great artist knows even less than in the past how to control his inspiration, to retrench superfluities, and sacrifice useless excrescences, although he still has some of those magnificent verses which illuminate the sombre depths of life or the human soul like some great lightning-flash, and which bring you what he calls

"Le grand sanglot tragique de l'histoire."

For him this sob is, to use his own expression, a *Misere*. Certainly it is surprising to see the poet of *Les Châtiments* lay down his brazen lyre to sing universal forgiveness. This blazening mood in the illustrious and aged poet has its beauty, though it is not wholly free from exaggeration, for according to one of his favourite ideas there is no cause for crime but ignorance. He forgets that genius itself may commit it, and does but aggravate it. The plenary indulgence which he grants to all culprits is a kind of abdication of the moral consciousness. Finally, we will quote these fine verses, which bring out the generous thought of the poem, apart from all that obscures and falsifies it:—

"Le pardon crie : Amour ! Quel est cet inconnu ?
Faire grâce épouvante, et ce mot ingénu,
Doux, clair, simple : Aimez-vous, frères, les uns les autres,
Est si profond qu'il n'est compris que des apôtres."

A Popular History of the United States. By William Cullen Bryant and Sydney Howard Gay. (Sampson Low and Co.) The second volume of this work has reached us, and is an elegant specimen of transatlantic typography. As a popular history of the United States it perhaps ranks as high as any of its predecessors; but we cannot perceive that, so far, it adds anything to our former stock of knowledge. Its ground has been gone over repeatedly, and we have the old familiar story—told, however, we are bound to admit, in a very pleasant manner, and enlivened by a multiplicity of illustrations, usually pertinent and interesting, which help to render the narrative agreeable reading. Mr. Gay, who is avowedly the responsible compiler, has not quite that mastery of the English language which his recent competitor, Mr. Ollier, displays in the similar work issued by Messrs. Cassell; while, in the matter of illustration, the latter will bear no comparison with the luxurious volumes of Mr. Gay. We notice, also, that Mr. Gay occasionally quotes an authority who would hardly be recognised as such by the English student; but, on the whole, there is little to complain of either in the matter or the manner of his volumes, and we can unhesitatingly recommend them as a desirable addition to any library. This volume completes half the work, and brings the history down to a period shortly antecedent to the War of the Revolution. We are told in the Preface that the late Mr. Bryant, on the strength of whose name the work was announced, "has given to every line—read in proof before printing—the benefit of his careful criticism, his ripe judgment, and his candid discrimination." With this volume, of course, his supervision ends. So far Mr. Gay has been engaged on what may be called the romantic portion of the history of America; but, while doing him the justice to say that in this he has acquitted himself creditably, it re-

mains to be seen whether he possesses the necessary qualifications to cope successfully with the real history of the United States which is yet before him. The stormy period of the Revolution is not yet reached, and, when that has been passed, then comes the more trying ordeal of the events of the present century, which include the second war with the mother country and the more terrible home conflict still fresh in our minds. It was in relation to this latter period that we hoped and expected the most from Mr. Bryant's connexion with the work. The veteran journalist of fifty years' standing must have had it in his power to set the world right on many points respecting which there are conflicting opinions, and his well-known character would have inspired confidence in any statement for which he vouched. It will be impossible to have the same implicit confidence in his colleague, whatever be the character of the staff by whom he is assisted, for we do not know him or them, and we did know Mr. Bryant.

M. LOUYS GLADY, of 128 Warwick Street, S.W., is bringing out a series of the very daintiest little editions of French Classics that it has ever been our good fortune to see. We noticed some months ago his *Manon Lescaut*. Prevost's immortal novel has now been followed by a book almost equally dear to lovers of exquisite literature—namely, Amyot's delightful translation of the best of all pastorals, *Daphnis and Chloe*. The Lesbian damsel has had even more typographic honour done her than Manon. The book is entirely printed in blue and red ink, black being nowhere suffered. In the Preface, written in passably antique French by M. Alexandre Dumas, there is yet a further refinement, the stops, apostrophes, &c., being always printed in different ink from that assigned to the words adjoining them. The *mignardise* of the whole effect is charming, and as suitable as can be to the graceful work of Longus. Those who are unfortunate enough not to be able to read the original—and M. Dumas, with much pretended fear of his colleagues, confesses himself to be in this case—can hardly do better than read Amyot with the workmanlike additions of Paul Louis Courier. Those who do know the original will find a new charm in the Bishop's French. M. Glady has been well-advised in his selection of these two pocket-books, and he promises a third which in a different way is better still. There is no such profane *Livre d'Heures* in all literature as La Rochefoucauld, and the *Maximes* are to follow *Daphnis and Chloe*. We ought to mention that the issue of these little books is very limited. *Manon* and *Chloe* have each been multiplied to the mystical number of 333. But M. Glady is going to consult the weakness for exclusive possession which marks the book-collector still further in the case of La Rochefoucauld, of which he intends to issue only twenty-two copies. We only wish that more attempts were made in England to give our own little masterpieces of literature the setting they deserve. As long as the sole English idea of an *édition de luxe* is a huge volume, bound in gaudy cloth, printed on glossy millboard, and pretentiously illustrated, there is not much chance of anything of the kind. New books are, it is true, not unfrequently issued in a tolerably pleasing guise, but for those who hold that the old are better there is little satisfaction. If M. Glady would contrive to infect some English publisher he would do a good deed to the country of his domicile.

Romania, par Marie Nizet (Paris: Ghio), is a volume of French verse by a Belgian lady, entirely devoted to the consolation and extolling of one of the youngest of European States—Roumania. Mdlle. Nizet has been very much annoyed at the retrocession of Bessarabia, and she has published this volume to relieve her soul. It is printed on very pretty paper, with very pretty type, and a fair allowance of adornments; but it perhaps pays toll to Nemesis in the point of poetical quality. The

author has read her Hugo well, and appears genuinely indignant. For the Czar ("précurseur du néant"); for his *blondes filles*, who "dance upon horrible gulfs"; for Albion, which has "replaced the songs of Ossian with the noise of factories," she feels much dislike; and she is not greatly delighted at the present government and situation of her beloved Roumania itself. These sentiments and opinions, however, fail to be very attractive to the general reader—whose enthusiasm for the interesting people between the Pruth and the Danube is of reasonable but not excessive warmth—when they are expressed in verse like the following:—

"Tous ces hommes divers que le bivouac rassemble,
Et qui jamais ailleurs ne se virent ensemble
En des temps plus heureux,
Tandis qu'en lourds faisceaux leurs armes sont dressés
Autour du brasier et les jambes croisées,
S'interrogent entre eux :
De joie et de bonheur leurs heures semblaient faites,
Tant de nobles espoirs reposaient sur leurs têtes,
De tant d'être chéries
S'appuyait à leur bras la vieillesse tremblante,
Quand soudain dans les plis de sa robe sanglante
La guerre les a pris."

There is not much to be said against these verses, certainly; but there is also nothing to be said for them. The country of the *Doina* might at least have inspired something less absolutely commonplace.

Readings in Melbourne, by Sir Archibald Michie (Sampson Low), is a disappointing book. It consists of three or four popular lectures delivered in Melbourne nearly twenty years ago, with several chapters added on the present resources of Victoria, and an appendix of statistics. The writer, we have no doubt, is excellent company after dinner. He tells good stories after what he himself describes as a "romping" fashion. But as a sober exponent of the advantages offered by Victoria to intending emigrants, he cannot compare with his rival Agent-General for New Zealand, Sir Julius Vogel. His sole contribution of novelty to the subject is that the Admiralty, under the auspices of Mr. W. H. Smith, should turn Her Majesty's fleet for the nonce into free emigrant ships. To this not the least of objections is that his own colony of Victoria professes to discourage immigration. Victoria, in short, has at one bound reached the position of a settled country, in which fiscal problems and land legislation pre-occupy domestic attention. She is content to rest upon her history and present prosperity, rather than to draw drafts at long unance upon the future. Sir Archibald Michie himself is an excellent example of the typical Victorian who has lived through the excitement of his country's youth and already shares in the tranquil calculations of its middle age. We prefer his sympathetic record of Victoria sowing her wild oats to his elaborate statistics of last year.

The Works of Robert Burns. Vol. V. Prose. (Edinburgh: William Paterson.) This fifth volume, on which no editor's name appears, begins with the Clarinda correspondence and ends with the last letter written from the farm of Ellisland. The illustrations comprise two more admirable landscapes after Sam Bough—who has not lived long enough to complete his designs for the next and concluding volume of the work—and two silhouette portraits of Clarinda, or Mrs. McLehose. Perhaps half-a-dozen of the letters are new, being either here printed for the first time or at least properly identified. The few notes required have been added by the publisher himself, who combines with every luxury of paper and print the personal industry of a scholiast. So far as money and enthusiasm can profit, this edition of the poet deserves to be the last. We must plead guilty, however, to inability to discover the principle on which an irregular series of numbers is prefixed to the successive letters.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Hibbert Lectures delivered last year in Westminster Abbey have been imitated at Edinburgh, where Dr. Fairbairn, the Principal of Airedale College, Bradford, opened last week a course of lectures on "The Science of Religion" in the Logic class-room of the University. Dr. John Muir has supplied the funds, and it is hoped that in Edinburgh, as in London, these lectures may be continued every year.

THREE new volumes, interesting to students of literature alike for the subjects and the authors selected, are announced in Messrs. Macmillan and Co.'s series of "English Men of Letters," edited by Mr. John Morley—viz., *Pope*, by Mr. Leslie Stephen; *Bentley*, by Prof. R. C. Jebb; *Landor*, by Prof. Sidney Colvin; *Southey*, by Prof. Dowden; and *Wordsworth*, by Mr. Frederic W. H. Myers, in place of Prof. Goldwin Smith, who is writing on *Cowper*. The series is evidently supplying a real want.

WE are glad to learn that the first part (A to "Enumerate") of Prof. Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary of the English Language* will very shortly be issued by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. for the Delegates of the Clarendon Press. The work is to be complete in four parts, and Part II. may be expected on November 1.

WE understand that Prof. Fraser intends to follow up his well-known *Selections from Berkeley* by an annotated edition of Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*, also to be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. on behalf of the Delegates of the Clarendon Press.

WE learn that Mr. A. J. Balfour, M.P., has placed in the hands of Messrs. Macmillan and Co., for immediate publication, *A Defence of Philosophic Scepticism, being an Essay on the Foundations of Belief*.

UNDER the title of *L'Histoire de France dans les Archives Privées de la Grande Bretagne—relevée des Documents concernant la France dans les Reports of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts, 1870-1876*, Baron Fernand de Schickler has reprinted a series of articles written by him in the *Journal des Savants*. These articles form a most minute analysis of everything bearing on French history which has appeared in the first six Reports of the Historical Commission, and are a most grateful testimony from abroad to the importance of its labours.

MESSRS. HURST AND BLACKETT will publish during the present month *The Youth of Queen Elizabeth*, edited from the French of M. Louis Wiesener by Charlotte M. Yonge, author of *The Heir of Redclyffe*, &c. The English translation of this work will doubtless be welcome to many readers.

WE understand that Prof. Croom Robertson has in preparation a *Manual of Psychology*, to be published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., uniform with Prof. Huxley's *Elementary Lessons in Physiology*, Prof. Roscoe's *Elementary Lessons in Chemistry*, and other well-known works of the same character. Prof. Robertson has for some years past lectured on mental science to classes of teachers at the College of Preceptors, and this experience will enable him to keep in view the practical aspects of the subject.

THE first of the series of *Shakspeare Quarto Facsimiles* in photolithography, by Mr. W. Griggs, under the superintendence of Mr. Furnivall, will be out next week: the first, or 1603, Quarto of *Hamlet* from the Duke of Devonshire's copy—the last leaf from the British Museum copy. Mr. Furnivall writes the "Forewords," and contends that the Quarto represents or misrepresents only Shakspeare's first cast of his "Prince of Denmark"; and contains no part of the earlier *Hamlet*. Mr. Furnivall also pooh-poohs the authority of the late German *Bestrafte Brudersmord*.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS is compiling a "Dictionary of London," which aims at presenting, in a concise, convenient, and economical form, an intelligible epitome of every kind of practical information about London. "No work of its precise scope has," says Mr. Dickens, "been ever yet attempted; and the arrangement of the details will be in many respects as novel as the general plan."

WE are sorry to hear a bad account of Rajendralala Mitra's state of health. This indefatigable scholar is laid up with an attack of pleurisy, and unable to carry on the numerous literary undertakings in which he is engaged.

AN American translation of the distinguished German economist Dr. W. Roscher's *Grundlagen der Nationalökonomie*, by Mr. J. J. Lalor, has met with a very favourable reception in the United States. Though published, last December, in the small city of Madison in the State of Wisconsin, the first edition was almost all disposed of in two months. We regret to learn that some copies despatched to England have never arrived.

MR. QUARITCH is about to publish a catalogue of English literature which will be a curiosity in its way. It embraces five Caxtons; several books by other early English printers; the four folio Shaksperes, fourteen of the early quartos of single plays, and the volume of Poems of 1640; as well as first editions of many of the poets and dramatists.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH AND FARRAN will publish in a few days a new and cheaper edition of Colonel Drayson's *Adventures of Hans Sterk in South Africa*, under the title of *Among the Zulus*.

WE have just received an important publication from Ceylon, the text of the old chronicle, the Mahawansa, from the thirty-seventh chapter. The earlier chapters were published so long ago as 1837, by George Turnour (*The Mahawansa in Roman Characters, with the Translation subjoined*, vol. i., containing the first thirty-eight chapters). This new instalment of the original text, with a Sinhalese translation, was edited by H. Sumangala, High Priest of Adam's Peak, and Don Andris de Silva Batuwantudawa, Pandit, and published under orders of the Ceylon Government, in two volumes 8vo. It is dedicated to Sir W. H. Gregory, the late Governor of Ceylon, "whose administration has been so highly conducive to elevate the natives and to improve their literature."

MESSRS. GRIFFITH AND FARRAN have in the press a little work entitled *Confirmation: or, Called, and Chosen and Faithful*, by the author of "The Gospel in the Church's Seasons" series. The Dean of Chester will contribute a Preface.

AN examination, open to all head and assistant-mistresses of public, elementary, private adventure, endowed, or other girls' and infants' schools, will be held on March 15, by the London Institution for the Advancement of Plain Needlework. Certificates of competency will be granted to all who pass successfully.

IN a *Rapport présenté à la Société des Lettres, Sciences, et Arts de l'Aveyron* M. Durand (de Gros) gives a curious account of a widely-spread society, called "Le Félibrige," which has for its object the revival of the *langue d'oc* and its various dialects in the South of France. It is supposed that, like the Fenians of Ireland, these *Félibres* also have political and social reforms in view, though this is denied by their literary organs. The head of the society is styled *le capoutier*; his provincial agents are called *majoraux*, who are assisted by a large staff of *mainteneurs*. The origin of the names *félibre* and *félibrige* is not explained by M. Durand.

THE edition of the Mahābhāṣya, the great commentary on Pāṇini's grammar, by Prof. Kielhorn, of Poona, will be delayed for the present. Prof. Kielhorn has been obliged to ask for leave of absence, and is expected at Oxford early in March.

MESSRS. BICKERS AND SON will publish shortly the *Pythou Papers: being Correspondence of King Charles I., Noblemen and others, relative to the Civil War, Popish Plot, and a Contested Election in 1680*, transcribed from the original MSS. in the possession of V. F. Benett Stanford, Esq., M.P., with an historical Introduction.

A NEW Reference Bible, arranged in numbered paragraphs, has recently been printed (by Messrs. Clay, Sons and Taylor) at the expense of John Rylands, Esq., of Stretford, near Manchester. The peculiar feature of the edition is that the paragraphs are numbered in the margins from 1 to 5810, the arrangement of the chapters and verses being retained; and all the references, which have been revised and largely extended, are given to paragraph and verse. A most excellent index is appended, adapted to this new arrangement. There are marginal explanations and amendments on which the most competent scholars are mainly agreed. The assistance of able Biblical scholars, it is said, has been secured for every part and detail of the work.

THE Council of the Folk-lore Society have decided to print a new edition of Mr. Henderson's *Folklore of the Northern Counties*, which the author has very generously offered to the society, and among other works now in progress are:—*Aubrey's Remains of Gentilisme and Judaisme, with the Additions by Dr. White Kennet*, to be edited by James Britten; *The Merry Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham*, to be edited, with illustrative notes, and an Introductory Essay on English Noddledom, by William J. Thoms; *The Bibliography of Folklore*, compiled and edited by James Satchell; *Notes for a History of English Chap-books and Penny Histories; East Sussex Superstitions*, by the Rev. C. W. D. Parish; *Folk-Medicine*, by William George Black; *Folklore and Provincial Names of British Birds*, by the Rev. Charles Swainson.

THE Saxon Government have just published a new volume of the *Codex Diplomaticus Saxonie Regiae*, the predecessor of which we noticed in 1876. It has been compiled by Dr. H. Ermisch, Secretary to the Saxon State Paper Office, who gives on pages i.-xxv. a lengthy Introduction of great critical and historical value, while the *diplomata* which have been transcribed are accompanied by numerous annotations, mainly historical. The volume gives the history of the great manufacturing town of Chemnitz (pp. 1-261) and its two cloisters, the Benedictine (pp. 262-445) and the Franciscan (pp. 446-457), in 508 chartularies, which have been collected from the Town Paper Office of Chemnitz and the Royal State Archives of Dresden. Beginning in the year 1143, and ending in the middle of the sixteenth century, Dr. Ermisch has put together all the materials which have any connexion with the origin, the growth, and the social, political, and religious development of the town, and has succeeded—although here and there he has entered too much into detail—in giving us an interesting picture of the life and struggles of a great provincial town in the Middle Ages. He is now engaged upon the history of the town of Freiberg, which is the centre of the Saxon mining district, and proposes to give a special history of the development of this influential branch of industry. He hopes to bring out the new volume in about two years.

DR. VON STRAUSS UND TORNEY is about to print the first complete German translation of the *Schi-king*, on which he has been engaged since 1871. The publisher will be Herr Winter, of Heidelberg.

THE Council of the Royal Geographical Society have addressed a memorial to the Oxford and Cambridge University Commissions and to the Governing Bodies of the two universities, urging upon them the desirability of establishing Professorships of Geography. In so doing, they desire that the word "geography" may be taken in its widest

and most liberal acceptance, and not as synonymous with topography, for they would have it interpreted as a compendious treatment of all the prominent conditions of a country, such as its climate, configuration, minerals, plants, and animals, as well as its inhabitants. They consider, also, that the inhabitants should be treated with respect not only to their race, but also to their history, past and present, in so far as it is connected with the peculiarities of their country. In their opinion the functions of a Professor of Geography should be twofold: first, to promote the study of scientific geography, which they concisely define to be "the study of local correlations;" and, secondly, to apply geographical knowledge in illustrating and completing such of the ordinary university studies as require its aid. The establishment of such chairs would, doubtless, give a much-needed impetus to geographical teaching in our schools, and any objections that might be raised to their foundation are met in advance by the success which has attended their establishment in Germany, Switzerland, and France.

We have received the first part of a *Dizionario Biografico degli Scrittori Contemporanei* (Firenze: Le Monnier), edited by Signor de Gubernatis, which seems to be a careful compilation of the facts respecting literary men of all countries and an enumeration of their works. We fail, however, to see why Signor de Gubernatis should have prefixed to this harmless work a Preface in which he gives a full and true account of himself, and pours forth the vials of his wrath on certain of his critics. Surely a dictionary does not need a Preface in defence of the editor.

A SORT of "Notes and Queries" for Hebrew students has reached us from New York, and though of Jewish origin will be welcome to many non-Israelites:—*Hebraica: A Monthly Supplement to the Jewish Messenger, Devoted to Hebrew Literature and the Science of the Bible*. The papers are partly original, partly translated; the form is judiciously unpretending.

A. VON WINTERFELD has a new humorous novel, entitled *Ein Liebling der Furien*, in the press.

A CHINESE translation of the Pentateuch is about to appear at Yeddo.

THE Marquis Marcello Staglieno has printed a most interesting and valuable work upon the condition of women in Genoa during the course of several past centuries.

THE *Cologne Gazette* learns from Constantinople that Schiller's *Robbers* has lately been translated into the dialect of the Judæo-Spanish colony in that city. The descendants of those Spanish Jews who found an asylum in Turkey when fleeing from the persecution of Christian kings form a not inconsiderable part of the population of the Turkish capital. Galata and Hasskioi on the Golden Horn, and Kusskunjuk and Ortakioi on the Bosphorus, are almost exclusively peopled by them. With touching devotion they still retain the dress, the manners, and the language of their ancestors. This language is Spanish, of a kind intelligible only to themselves. Spanish, Hebrew, Turkish, Greek, and Italian are the chief constituents of this peculiar composite dialect, into which *The Robbers* has just been translated. The translation is said to be a very close one. The performance by amateurs in the theatre of Ortakioi was so well received that they intend repeating it at Pera.

THE trustees of the Boston Public Library have published a "Catalogue of the Works of William Shakespeare, original and translated (959 in number), in the Barton Collection in the Boston Public Library," compiled by Mr. James Mascarene Hubbard. On testing the compiler's work, we find that he has omitted the editions of the genuine parts of *Pericles*, as pointed out by Mr. Tennyson, and of *Timon*, as settled by Mr. Fleay,

which were printed in the New Shakspeare Society's *Transactions* in 1874, which are in the library, and should surely be in the collection. The library does not seem to own M. Bikélas's Modern Greek version of *Othello*, &c., and many other translations. On the whole, Mr. Hubbard's work seems carefully done. His identification of late newly-published editions with their original issue is very useful.

THE *Revista Contemporanea* of February 15 contains an excellent summary of the scientific work and discovery of the past year, by R. Becerro de Bengoa. Jaime Gres finishes an interesting and noteworthy article, begun in the preceding number, on "Jewish Demonology." He concludes that Satan was originally one of the Beni-Elohim, and his development into an independent power of evil was owing greatly to Persian and Babylonian influence. E. del Perojo gives details of the frightful misery caused by the famine of 1877 in China; and Revilla, in a critical notice, mentions the "magnificent poem" of Nuñez de Arce, "La última lamentación de Lord Byron," as placing him at the head of all Spanish contemporary lyrical poets, and above all foreign ones with the exception of Victor Hugo.

We have received:—*The Eastern Question from the Treaty of Paris, 1856, to the Treaty of Berlin, 1878, and to the Second Afghan War*, by the Duke of Argyll, 2 vols. (Strahan); *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Titles of Courtesy*, edited by R. H. Mair, 1879 (Dean and Son); *Frederic Ozanam, his Life and Works*, by Kathleen O'Meara, second edition (C. Kegan Paul and Co.); *Five Minutes to Spare*, being extracts from the every-day book of the Rev. J. Guard (Hatchards); *As it may Happen*, a Story of American Life and Character, by Trebor (Philadelphia: Porter and Coates); *Selections for Latin Prose*, by R. M. Millington, fourth edition (Longmans); *Fuel: its Combustion and Economy*, edited by D. Kinnear Clark (Crosby Lockwood and Co.); *"While the 'Boy' waits,"* by J. Mortimer Granville, second edition (Hardwicke and Bogue); *Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench*, edited by R. H. Mair (Dean and Son); *Our Schools and Colleges*, by F. S. de Carteret-Bisson, fourth edition (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.); &c.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

THE French Geographical Society has determined to appoint a committee with the view of promoting exploration in Africa, the main object being to despatch three expeditions simultaneously from Algeria, the Senegal, and the Niger, which would all meet at Timbuktu. It is hoped that all the other geographical societies will co-operate by appointing delegates to represent them on the committee.

M. FAYARD DE BRUYÈRE has published at Paris a work of considerable interest entitled *Atlas des Grandes Villes du Monde*. Europe is fully represented, but Africa figures only with Cairo and Tunis, and Australia with Melbourne.

ACCORDING to *Les Missions Catholiques*, letters have been received from the Algerian missionaries in Equatorial Africa, written from Tabora, in Unyamwezi, on December 2. At that date Père Livinhac had already started with the party destined for the Victoria Nyanza, and the rest were on the point of leaving Tabora for Lake Tanganyika, from which it is distant about twelve days' march, and about fifteen days' from Lake Victoria.

THE March number of the London Missionary Society's *Chronicle* contains a paper of some interest by Dr. Mullens, on new missions in Central Africa, illustrated by a sketch map showing the fields occupied by the leading societies.

MR. FREDERIC KIDDER has printed at Boston, U.S., for private circulation, a paper on the dis-

covery of North America by John Cabot, being a first chapter in the history of North America. The brochure is illustrated by a section of the Mappa Mundi of Sebastian Cabot, 1544.

CAPT. PELAYO ALCALÁ GALLIANO, of the Spanish Hydrographic Department, has just published (Madrid: Fortanet) a volume entitled *Memoria sobre Santa Cruz de Mar Pequeña y las Pesquerías en la costa noroeste de Africa*, which is accompanied by several maps giving the views or different cartographers from the fifteenth century to the present time.

WE hear that steps are being taken at Manchester with a view to the foundation of a Society of Commercial Geography in that city, a laudable example which it may be hoped that Liverpool and other large towns will not be slow to follow.

AT the recent opening of the "Cours de géographie de l'Asie Centrale" at the Ecole des Langues Orientales, M. de Ujfalvy, the well-known traveller, delivered an address on Central Asia, in which he made some interesting remarks on Turkestan, especially in regard to Zarafshan and Ferghanah. In dealing with the question of transport of merchandise in these regions, he mentioned that the carriage of a *pound* (40 lbs.) from Tashkend to Orenburg now cost about a franc, and he is quite clear that neither steamer nor railway could compete with the camel as far as cheapness is concerned. Looking at the matter from a commercial point of view, he is of opinion that river-carriage of merchandise will suffice for the present, but for strategical reasons it will soon become necessary to join Tashkend, Samarcand, and Ferghanah with the mother-country by a line of railway. He considers two lines to be possible: one from Orenburg to Tashkend, with branches to Vernoe, Samarcand, and into Ferghanah; and the other from Ekaterinburg to Omsk, and perhaps to Irkutsk, with branches to Semipalatinsk, Vernoe, and Tashkend. Though the latter would be the longer of the two, he thinks it would be the more useful to commerce, and be more easily and cheaply constructed and maintained.

IN the February number of the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* we find several letters from Mr. A. M. Mackay and the Rev. C. T. Wilson, of the Nyanza Mission. Writing from a point near the mouth of the Katonga River in Western Uganda, the latter mentions that he has recently made two discoveries of natural products in that region which will probably be of importance. One is of the existence of an immense deposit of very good kaolin or China clay, which he is told is found everywhere about Rubaga a few feet below the surface. The other discovery is that of nutmegs, which are said to grow abundantly in the forests of the islands in the Nyanza, but are not used by the Waganda. Mr. Wilson has also found a tree which he thinks is the one that produces the cocoa of commerce. With regard to more purely geographical matters, which Mr. Wilson seldom loses sight of, he has found that the large island marked "Sesse" on Mr. Stanley's map is rather mythical, the name in question being applied to a group of islands commencing close to Murchison Bay, and extending along the north-west shores of the Nyanza to about half a degree south of the equator. Mr. Wilson questioned several people closely, and they all agreed that the group was called "Sesse," each island having its own name. There are about one hundred and fifty of them altogether, and most of them are inhabited. In one of his letters Mr. Mackay makes some very useful remarks respecting the diet of European travellers in Central Africa, and he warns them that dysentery, and not fever, is the malady most to be dreaded, and that it is generally brought on by eating red millet and similar grains.

M. ALFRED RAMBAUD.

SOME years ago M. Alfred Rambaud, then holding a Professorship at Nancy, learnt Russian and began to turn his knowledge to literary purposes. His articles on Slavonic subjects in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes* soon gained him a reputation, and it was before long increased by the publication of his works *La Russie Epique, Français et Russes—Moscou et Sébastopol* (1812-1854), and *Histoire de la Russie*. The English translation, by Mrs. Lang, of the last of these works was recently noticed in the columns of this journal. In addition to the books already mentioned, M. Rambaud has written *L'Empire Grec au dixième siècle—Constantin Porphyrogénète*, a work crowned by the French Academy; and two volumes entitled *La Domination française en Allemagne*, the one relating to "Les Français sur le Rhin, &c. (1792-1804)," and the other to "L'Allemagne sous Napoléon I^{er}, &c. (1804-1811)." A short time ago he received a telegram which offered him the post of "Chef du Cabinet du Ministre de l'Instruction Publique et des Beaux-Arts." That post he now holds, and it is to be hoped that he may long hold it; for he has done much good to at least two countries: his own and Russia. And he belongs to the band of young French scholars who have done so much to explode the old-fashioned idea that French scholarship, though brilliant, is superficial, and that Frenchmen are acquainted with no language but their own. What has been done for Russian by M. Rambaud (not to speak of M. Leroy-Beaulieu, &c.), and for the Slav languages in general by M. Leger and other French writers, sets England an excellent example. W. R. S. RALSTON.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Nineteenth Century* is almost wholly given over to political and philosophical subjects this month: the notable articles under the latter head being Prof. Clifford's abstruse paper on "The Universal Statements of Arithmetic;" the curious essay in which Prof. St. George Mivart tries to extract religious and even Catholic doctrine from his speculations on "The Meaning of Life;" and the amusing and equally curious article which Mr. F. Galton calls "Psychometric Facts." "No one," says Mr. Galton, "can have a just idea, before he has carefully experimented upon himself, of the crowd of unheeded half-thoughts and faint imagery that flits through his brain, and of the influence they exert upon his conscious life." With this in his mind Mr. Galton made certain elaborate experiments on himself "in respect of associated ideas," and the results are stated with great minuteness in the article. The chief experiment was as follows:—The writer devised a way in which single words should be suddenly brought to the notice of his mind when as unoccupied as possible; he then, with the aid of a pencil and a stop-watch, recorded immediately, and as accurately as possible, the first two ideas which each word suggested. This was tried with seventy-five words, four times over; and the average time for the two ideas to come into existence was 2¼ seconds (which gives an average of 50 per minute and 3,000 per hour!).

"These ideas, it must be recollected," says Mr. Galton, "are by no means atomic elements of thought; on the contrary, they are frequently glimpses over whole provinces of mental experiences, and into the openings of far vistas of associations, that we know to be familiar to us, though the mind does not consciously travel down any part of them."

Mr. Galton's 75 words four times repeated produced a total of 505 ideas in the space of 660 seconds; but cases of recurrence reduced the nett number to 279. Dividing these ideas into groups according to "the period of life when the association that linked the idea to the word was first formed," Mr. Galton found that just half of the ideas which recurred most frequently dated back to

his early years, before the age of twenty-two—a fact which gives a kind of numerical demonstration of "the importance of early education that shall store the mind with varied imagery." It is not possible to follow him into all the curious results of his experiment; but the gist of the whole matter is contained in some of his concluding sentences:—

"The more I have examined the workings of my own mind . . . the less respect I feel for the part played by consciousness. . . . The unconscious operations of the mind frequently far transcend the conscious ones in intellectual importance. . . . Consciousness seems to do little more than attest the fact that the various organs of the brain do not work with perfect ease or co-operation. Its position appears to be that of a helpless spectator of but a minute fraction of a huge amount of automatic brain-work."

The other article in this Review to which it is desirable to call attention is Mr. Holman Hunt's grave protest against the Copyright Commissioners' Report on Artistic Copyright. Mr. Hunt was not able to attend the Grosvenor Gallery meeting, and therefore prints his views; which come to this—that it is essential for the existence of real poetic art in a country that young artists should be encouraged; that "a certain degree of freedom from anxiety for mundane wants, in the long intervals elapsing between the completion of important and saleable works, is imperative for true success;" and that a limitation of the artist's property in his invention, such as is now proposed, is the very way to discourage invention, and to turn young artists out of the right way into the way of cheap imitation, popular superficialities, and claptrap.

THE *Fortnightly* is also most political: a feature natural in these days, but the result of a lamentable necessity. The only papers that can in any sense be called literary are Mr. Mill's second "Chapter on Socialism," and Mr. Moncure Conway's "Thomas Paine:" the former a criticism, in no unfriendly spirit, of the objections to the existing order which were quoted in the first chapter; the latter, an interesting and really pathetic picture of a man misunderstood by friends and foes in his life and after his death; a man whose adherents were stamped out by ferocious prosecution in monarchical England, and who himself was sentenced to death in France for expressing sympathy with Louis XVI. Not one century but, as it were, infinite time has intervened between the society which showed its horror of Paine and the Painites by sentences of transportation and the society which allows his works to find their own level, neither interrupting them, nor fearing them, nor refuting them.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

For the last four or five years residents in Rome have been accustomed every day to see a familiar couple cross the Pincian, an elderly lady walking firmly by the side of a very old gentleman, who chatted brightly in his bath-chair. Last Monday William Howitt died, at the age of eighty-four, and his death deprives popular literature of one of its household names. Few writers have been more versatile, and few, without genius—and William Howitt had no claim to originality of mind—have known how to impress their talent on the public so cheerfully and healthily. His chatty compilations have delighted and instructed thousands whom a more serious class of literature would never have reached. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and was born in 1795 at Heanor, in Derbyshire. In 1823 he married Miss Mary Botham, so widely admired as Mary Howitt. He resided at Nottingham until 1837, removed to Germany for three years in 1840, visited Australia from 1852 to 1854, lived at Westhill, Highgate, for the next eighteen years, and then left England to

settle in Italy. His life, however, is really to be narrated in the catalogue of his writings. He attempted every form of composition, and rarely without some success. He had least talent as a poet; and in *The Forest Minstrel*, 1823, and *The Desolation of Eyam*, 1827, the best lines would appear to be the work of Mrs. Howitt. In 1871 he published *The Mad War Planet, and other Poems*. His novels were more successful; but they have not possessed any great vitality. The most remarkable are:—*Pantika*, 1835; *Jack of the Mill*, 1844; *Madam Donnington*, 1851; *Tallangetta*, 1857; *The Man of the People*, 1860; and *Woodburn Grange*, 1867. Of his books on social and ethical subjects several enjoyed a large circulation in their day, especially *The History of Priestcraft*, 1834; *Colonisation and Christianity*, 1838; *Land, Labour, and Gold*, 1855; and *Letters on Transportation*, 1863. Another still more successful class of Mr. Howitt's writings may be styled works for the young, such as *The Boy's Country Book*, 1839; *Herbert's Note Book in the Wilds of Australia*, 1854; and *The History of Discovery in Australia*, 1865. His most ambitious production was *The Literature and Romance of the North*, 1852. But the works by which he has most chance of being remembered are his finely-written pastoral studies of English history as seen through English scenery. In these he is a close disciple of Miss Mitford, and has caught not a little of her picturesqueness and delicate charm of style. Those who wish to see William Howitt at his best should read *The Book of the Seasons*, 1831; *Visits to Remarkable Places*, 1840; *Homes and Haunts of the British Poets*, 1847; *The Year Book of the Country*, 1850; and *The Northern Heights of London*, 1869. We understand that the deceased writer has left behind him a complete autobiography, to the publication of which we look forward with interest.

DR. OTTO BLAU.

THE death of Dr. Otto Blau, German Consul at Odessa, on the 1st inst., will be regretted by all who have watched the progress of Oriental archaeology during the last thirty years. He was one of those scholars who cannot bind themselves down to the extreme specialism of the day, and by not yielding to the exigencies of the time fail to make the lasting mark they must have made in an age when learning could afford to be broader. Dr. Blau wrote on too many subjects to attain the foremost rank of authority upon any of them. Yet he touched nothing without adding some new interest, or some varied view, to it. He produced no great works, but he wrote several hundred brochures on divers matters, mainly connected with Semitic philology and antiquities. To the *Journal* of the German Oriental Society alone he contributed nearly a hundred articles, varying in length from a mere note on some slight discovery in numismatics to a series of minute essays on Phœnician inscriptions. Among his varied tastes, it may be said that Phœnician was his favourite study, and that it was in Oriental numismatics that he accomplished his most successful work. His numerous articles on the various branches of Mohammedan coin-lore, contributed to the *Zeitschrift* of the German Oriental Society and of the Vienna Numismatic Society, are full of learning and research, and have very materially forwarded the science to which they belong. It was only recently we reviewed Dr. Blau's Catalogue of the Odessa Collection of Coins—a model of conciseness and accuracy—and it is with little regret that we reflect that we can notice no more works from that industrious pen. If Dr. Blau sometimes plunged beyond his depth in subjects for which he was not sufficiently prepared, and if his theories on some points were fanciful and mistaken, it must be admitted by all that to those subjects which he did understand—and they were not few—he added much that is of high value, and in any event he never failed for want of labour or

true studently zeal. Though he entered many a field that was well fought over, it must be recorded that he was a generous foe, as he was a warm and appreciative friend to his fellow-workers of all nations.

By the untimely death of Mr. James Macdonell, which occurred on Sunday last, March 2, at his house in Gower Street, there passes away a writer whose name is quite unfamiliar to the public, since his historical knowledge, clear thought, and literary style were devoted almost entirely to the service of journalism. He appreciated the conditions of anonymous journalism too thoroughly to speak much of his work; but it was an open secret that he occupied a prominent place on the literary staff, first of the *Daily Telegraph*, and afterwards of the *Times*. Beside this he wrote essays, especially on social subjects, for some of the weekly papers, particularly the *Spectator* and the *Examiner*—although not so much of late as in past years. In addition to this he contributed to some of the magazines; certain articles on philosophical and ethical subjects in the defunct *North British Review*, and others of a lighter character in *Fraser's Magazine*, attracted considerable attention at the time of their appearance. France is understood to have been a "specialty" with him. He watched with much interest, showing itself in generous enthusiasm of writing, the consolidation of the French Republic; and he had engaged, it is understood, to publish a book on the subject. But he found that his ordinary engagements would not allow him to do justice to the work, and with characteristic conscientiousness he abandoned it. Mr. Macdonell, who was a native of Aberdeen, died at the early age of thirty-seven.

It is with profound regret that we record the death, at Madeira, of Prof. W. K. Clifford, in his thirty-fourth year. We hope to speak at length in our next issue of the great loss which various branches of science have sustained in him.

THE death is likewise announced of Signor Pietro Fanfani, of Florence.

FLORENCE LETTER.

Florence: February 27, 1879.

Among substantial literary achievements of the past year a high place must be accorded to Signor Morsolin's *Giorgio Trissino: Monografia di un Letterato del Secolo XVI.* (Vicenza: Durato), for it is an overflowing storehouse of new material concerning Italian public, literary, and private life during the first half of the sixteenth century. The career of the magnificent gentleman who is the subject of this work is in itself a compendium of the manifold activities of the age. Patrician, statesman, ambassador, Papal nuncio, courtier, scholar, philologist, poet, and playwright, Trissino filled a distinguished part in the drama of his time; and, although his dearest hope of obtaining immortality as an epic writer remained unfulfilled, his life was by no means barren of worldly honour or literary success. Indeed, when we consider Trissino's indefatigable mental activity, and his high standing in the learned as well as the political world, the oblivion into which his name has now fallen is a signal instance of the capriciousness of fame. Surely the inventor of the dramatic unities, the author of the first regular Italian tragedy in blank verse, of the first Italian grammar and first Italian prosody, the discoverer and translator of Dante's *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, the composer of numerous rhymes and sonnets much admired by his contemporaries, the writer of that epistle to Clement VII. on Italian orthography and pronunciation which was the first battle-note of the still enduring war of *la lingua*—surely this man has some title to remembrance, although his

great epic *L'Italia liberata da' Goti*, the result of twenty years' labour, did prove a mighty failure.

Of all Messer Giangio's varied efforts the only one that exercised any influence on after generations was his *cinquecento* misreading of certain passages in Aristotle that lead to the theory of the *unities*. Could he have foreseen for how long the French stage would yield slavish obedience to the famous rule, he might have been to some extent consoled for the *fiasco* of his unlucky poem.

Within a few years of Trissino's death his tragedy *Sofonisba* was four times translated into French; while in Italy it ran through twenty editions during the sixteenth century, and has since been republished in a dozen different collections of Italian plays. It certainly seems to have been his best and most artistic work. It is true that the author found his plot ready made in the historic incident of the fate of Sophonisba, the daughter of Hasdrubal; but he showed his skill in turning the dramatic situations to the best account, and preserving the individuality of his characters. His diction, however, was poor and prolix, his blank verse little else than monotonous prose; and his efforts to attain Greek simplicity led to nothing but the baldest commonplace. Strange to say, this tragedy was never acted during the author's life. Twelve years after his death it was put upon the stage at Vicenza under circumstances of peculiar splendour, with scenery designed by Palladio, a company of eighty actors, with marvellous costumes and first-rate music. We learn that all the foreign ambassadors in Venice, together with the nobility of Lombardy and the Marches, attended this representation. Indeed, so great was the success of the spectacle that its promoter, the Olympian Academy, preferred to rest upon its laurels for fifteen years afterwards. Now, although Italy in general cares little for Ariosto's would-be rival, his native city has not forgotten that Trissino was her noblest representative in the literary world of the Renaissance; accordingly, in the July of the past year Vicenza celebrated the fourth centenary of his birth, and Signor Morsolin, by the present volume, has erected a durable monument to the memory of his illustrious townsman. The work is exhaustive, abounding in graphic details and illustrations of the manners of the time. We follow the hero from the cradle to the grave, witness the rise and decline of his fortunes, sympathise with his love-affairs, domestic sorrows, and illustrious friendships, and watch the course of his political enterprises and literary quarrels. Nevertheless, though invaluable to students, this can never be a popular book. Probably the learned author did not intend to court the favour of a general audience, or he would certainly have paid more attention to grace of style and lucidity of arrangement; doubtless, too, he would have presupposed less knowledge of Italian history on the part of his readers. It would be a pleasant task to sketch the leading events of Trissino's restless career; to recount his missions to popes and emperors, and describe the various paths into which he was urged by his unusual breadth of culture and devouring thirst for knowledge; but we have no room for the many passages marked for extract, and must confine ourselves to a brief mention of one of his minor works. This is his only comedy, *I Simillimi*, a paraphrase of the *Menechmi* of Plautus. Ariosto had forestalled him by his *Suppositi*, founded on the same theme, but Trissino's weaker and colder version had, at least, the merit of novelty, being moulded in the Greek form with a chorus. Signor Morsolin remarks that "like most plays on borrowed plots, *I Simillimi* is very languid and washed-out." Surely he must have forgotten a certain *Comedy of Errors* drawn from the same source? And here the idea presents itself that not impossibly Shakspeare's work may have been suggested by Messer Giangio's feeble play, which, at least during the sixteenth century,

enjoyed more popularity than *I Suppositi*.* It was first published in 1548—that is, exactly fifty years before the *Comedy of Errors*†—and if Da Porto's tale of *Giulietta e Romeo* could find its way from Vicenza to England, why not the comedy of his magnificent fellow-townsmen? This of course is mere speculation and unsupported by any internal evidence. For although Trissino changed the order of the scenes and removed the action to Palermo, he adhered to the structure of the *Menechmi*, and never dreamed of creating a Luciana, bringing an Aegeon and his wife upon the stage, or evolving the brilliant farce of the two Dromios. Always an accomplished scholar, but never a genius, his last years were embittered by the failure of his *Italia liberata*. He was doomed to see his reams of heroic verse rejected by readers of Ariosto; and we have too great respect for his intellect to imagine that he derived much solace from his own *dictum* that had he chosen to sing of Orlando's loves he, too, would have grasped immortality.

Notwithstanding the efforts of Prof. Flechia, the Nestor of Italian philologists, up to a few years ago the study of the Neo-Latin tongues was comparatively neglected in this country, and at best considered a subordinate branch of philological science. But of late it has rapidly developed in importance, and, thanks to the researches of Prof. Rajna at Milan, Prof. Caix at Florence, Prof. Monaci at Rome, and Prof. d'Ovidio at Naples, four separate centres of enquiry have been formed. To philological attainments the last-named of these gentlemen unites much literary and critical power, and thus his recently-published volume of essays, *Saggi Critici di Francesco d'Ovidio* (Naples: Morano), has an artistic as well as a scientific value. Also, being gifted with a lively style and sense of humour, Prof. d'Ovidio knows how to render even abstruse disquisitions eminently pleasant reading. Various subjects are treated of in the present volume. Some are purely literary, and these comprise admirable essays on Edmondo de Amicis and Torquato Tasso. The former gives a friendly but keen analysis of the merits and defects of the most popular of living Italian writers; the latter a sympathetic examination of Tasso's career, character, and misfortunes, including much that will be new matter to English readers, and will enlarge their knowledge of the private history of the luckless poet. Prof. d'Ovidio totally destroys the legendary figure, with which we are so familiar, of the Tasso inflamed with an absorbing passion for the Princess Leonora, and who was cast into prison to expiate his daring. Among the many works of imagination of which Tasso has been the theme, Prof. d'Ovidio assigns the palm for historical truth concerning the protagonist to Goethe's noble tragedy.

The philological essays forming the bulk of the volume are very valuable as showing the actual state of the camps into which combatants in the four-century-old war of words are now divided here. Manzoni's linguistic correspondence and Dante's *De Vulgari Eloquentia* are the chief standards round which the author marshals his facts and his theories. These articles are exciting much notice in Italy, but all comments on them are better left to experts skilled in handling the prickly question of *la lingua*. For the same reason nothing need here be said of the controversial paper on "Ciullo d'Alcamo" at the close of the volume.

* But as Gascoigne translated the latter play in 1566—"Supposes: A Comedie written in the Italian tongue by Ariosto, Englished by George Gascoigne of Grayes Inne, Esquire, and there presented, 1566"—any resort to the *Simillimi* is needless. Moreover, Warner's englished Plautus was circulated in MS. before its publication in 1595.—Ed.

† The *Comedy of Errors* was first printed in the Folio of 1623. It was probably written in 1589-91. Meres mentioned it in his list of 1598.—Ed.

Studi d'erudizione e d'arte. Di Adolfo Borgognoni. Two Volumes. (Bologna: Romagnoli.) These volumes consist chiefly of essays on early Italian literature, and the first poetical efforts in the vulgar tongue. Signor Borgognoni is a promising young writer, of real learning and great critical acumen, whose labours are attracting much notice, and whose main defect is considered to be a certain tendency to the construction of ingenious theories on (sometimes) insufficient foundations. The following are the subjects treated:—"Bindo Bonichi," "L'Intelligenza," "I poeti dei codici d'Arborea," "La Nina Siciliana," "La Scuola Meridionale," "Gentile da Ravenna."

The paper on "La Nina" is witty as well as learned, and altogether annihilates the so-called Sicilian poetess of the thirteenth century, whose name has long stood at the head of the list of Italian literary women. Of late years several critics have thrown doubts upon her authenticity, but it has remained for Signor Borgognoni to conclusively prove her non-existence. He clearly shows that Monna Nina and her famous sonnet were sixteenth-century inventions originating in a Florentine printing-office in the year of our Lord 1527. Thus the pretty legend of Monna Nina, her platonic relation with the Tuscan poet, Dante da Maiano, and the verses she interchanged with him, are alike and for ever swept away.

Ricordi di Parigi. Di Edmondo de Amicis. (Milan: Treves.) In this publication we have a well-known theme treated by a well-known author, who can find something fresh and pleasant to say even on so hackneyed a subject as the French capital and its great Exhibition. Like everything from this brilliant writer's pen, the little volume has been warmly welcomed by the Italian public, and to English readers who know their Paris as well as they know their London, or better, it will be interesting to note the dazzling effect of Parisian luxury on dwellers in tranquil and timeworn Italian towns. The *Ricordi* puts us in mind of nothing so much as of a sparkling pianoforte fantasia on a popular melody. Nimble fingers flash up and down the keyboard, with rippling scales, dancing arpeggios, volleys of trills and shakes, till, in our admiration of the performer's dexterity, we hardly think of noticing the thinness of the harmonies, or the want of power in the bass. But there are traces in this volume that Signor de Amicis is beginning to tire of descriptive writing and is developing an analytical vein that will yield finer ore. The best chapters are those devoted to an interview with Emile Zola and a capital account of that novelist's method of work. Whatever opinion we may hold of the new school of French romance, its tendencies and effects, whether our sympathies incline to Realists or Romanticists, there is no denying the fact that Zola is a power in the French literary world, and himself a psychological study of genuine interest. The chapters on Victor Hugo are also interesting if somewhat superficial. The author revels in emotional description, and the scene in the Rue de Clichy is only saved from being high-flown by the humorous strokes with which he depicts his own confusion in the presence of the veteran poet.

Signor de Amicis has been ten years before the public, and his eleventh work is now in the press. It is, we believe, a novel, and is entitled *Cuore*. It will, we hope, show the perfection of powers shadowed forth in his earlier works, with freedom from certain mannerisms into which he has lately fallen.

In default of any special novelty in the field of fiction we may mention a powerful story of peasant life, published last winter, the *In Risina* of Marchesa Colombi—Signora Torelli Viollier (Milan: Treves). Written in a charmingly natural and spontaneous style, this history of the trials and temptations of a village girl gives a graphic picture of the struggle for existence in the rice-growing districts of Piedmont. Some fault might be found with the construction of this story, and

the *dénouement* is somewhat forced; but the heroine is capably drawn, and it is plain that the author has studied her subject and chosen her types from real life. The dialogue is full of clever touches, showing us the strange workings of the peasant mind and the still stranger mixture of self-sacrifice and selfishness. In a country where the needs of the agricultural classes are only beginning to be considered, all books tending to awaken sympathy with their sufferings are eminently useful. None the less so when, as in this *In Risina*, no attempt is made to point a moral.

LINDA VILLARI.

SELECTED BOOKS.

General Literature.

- BOURGON, J. Les éléments de l'art arabe. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 48 fr.
BURTON, I. Arabia, Egypt, India. A Narrative of Travel. Mullian. 16s.
CARDON, E. L'eau-forte en 1879. Paris: V. Cadart.
DU CAMP, M. Les convulsions de Paris. T. 2. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
GOSSE, E. W. Studies in the Literature of Northern Europe. C. Kegan Paul & Co. 12s.
HAWKER, the late R. S. Poetical Works, collected and arranged by J. G. Godwin. C. Kegan Paul & Co. 12s.
LEARED, A. A Visit to the Court of Morocco. Sampson Low. 5s.
MCDOAN, J. C. Our new Protectorate. Chapman & Hall.
NESBITT, A. Glass. Chapman & Hall. 2s. 6d.
WALMSLEY, H. M. Life of Sir Joshua Walmsley. Chapman & Hall. 14s.
WITTE, R. Dants-Forschungen. Altes u. Neues. 2. Bd. Heilbronn: Henninger. 15 M.

History, &c.

- ALBÉRUSI. Chronologie orientalischer Völker. Hrg. v. C. E. Sachau. 2. Hälfte. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 16 M.
IMHOOF-BLUMER, F. Porträtköpfe auf römischen Münzen der Republik u. der Kaiserzeit. Leipzig: Teubner. 3 M. 20 Pf.
LENOIRANT, F. La monnaie dans l'antiquité. T. III. Paris: A. Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.
SALLET, A. v. Die Nachfolger Alexanders d. Grossen in Baktrien u. Indien. Berlin: Weidmann. 7 M.
VALROGER, L. de. La Gaule celtique. Paris: Didier. 7 fr. 50 c.

Physical Science and Philosophy.

- EIMER, Th. Die Medusen, physiologisch u. morphologisch auf ihr Nervensystem untersucht. Tübingen: Laupp. 56 M.
EYFFERTH, B. Die einfachsten Lebensformen. Systematische Naturgeschichte der mikroskop. Süßwasserbewohner. Braunschweig: Haering. 12 M.
FOUCHÉ, P. Santorin et ses éruptions. Paris: G. Masson. 90 fr.
PARVILLE, H. de. Causeries scientifiques. 1877. Paris: Rothschild. 3 fr. 50 c.
RIBOT, Th. La psychologie allemande contemporaine (école expérimentale). Paris: Germer-Baillière. 7 fr. 50 c.

Philology, &c.

- BHADRAHARU, The Kalpasūtra of, ed. H. Jacobi. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 10 M.
HEINE, E. W. Die germanischen, aegyptischen u. griechischen Mysterien. Hannover: Hahn. 3 M.
JA'S, Ibn. Commentar zu Zamachšār's Mufasssal. Hrg. v. G. Jahn. 4. Hft. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 12 M.
JORDAN, H. Kritische Beiträge zur Geschichte der lateinischen Sprache. Berlin: Weidmann. 7 M.
PAUL, H. Untersuchungen üb. den germanischen Vokalismus. Halle: Niemeyer. 10 M.
SAUSSURE, F. de. Mémoire sur le système primitif des voyelles dans les langues indo-européennes. Leipzig: Teubner. 8 M.
STEINMEYER, E. u. E. SIEVERS. Die althochdeutschen Glossen gesammelt u. bearb. 1. Bd. Berlin: Weidmann. 15 M.
STIMMING, A. Bertran de Born, sein Leben u. seine Werke. Halle: Niemeyer. 10 M.
ZVETAIJEFF, J. Sylloge inscriptionum oscarum. Petropoli. 40s.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. MAHAFFY, MR. PALEY, AND THE AGE OF HOMER.

London: March 3, 1879.

"Il est bizarre qu'on éprouve le besoin de discuter des choses aussi dénuées de sens." It is thus that the late M. Pierron, a scholar who, I fear, did not love our nation, dismissed the Homeric theories of Mr. Paley. We still discuss them, however; and it is well, perhaps, that the least probable and the least consistent hypotheses should be examined. Mr. Mahaffy analysed and opposed Mr. Paley's ideas in the February number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, and Mr. Paley has replied in the March number of the same periodical. Mr. Mahaffy's position is that the composition of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* would have been im-

possible without writing. Mr. Paley holds that the composition of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* out of the vast materials of old legend "was no very wonderful performance." He thus flatly contradicts all the best of the merely literary critics of the world from Aristotle downwards. He, too, however, thinks that our *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were written from the first: that "some time after the death of Pericles a demand arose for a literary Homer which could be transcribed and become the *textus receptus*." This written Homer was put together by "a skilled diaskeuast." (By the way Mr. Paley's diaskeuast and the diaskeuast of the *Scholía* are quite different people.)

Here, then, are Mr. Mahaffy with his belief in an early written Homer, and Mr. Paley, who holds that there could be no written Homer before the death of Pericles. Mr. Paley's arguments about the late date of writing are rather diverting. Mr. Mahaffy quotes, as the "minor limit" of the use of Greek letters, the inscriptions engraved on the leg of the colossal Nubian statue, by Telephus of Ialysus, and his friends, mercenaries of Psammetichus. The date of this famous piece of writing he puts about 650 B.C. His argument, of course, is that if casual free-lances could write their names and so forth in this permanent way out of pure idleness, poets might indite a goodlier matter. And Mr. Paley answers that he has not examined the Nubian inscription, and cannot give an opinion till he does see it! The inscription is in Lepsius' *Briefe aus Aegypten*; but surely Mr. Paley is too sceptical. His argument in favour of the late date of writing in Greece is, perhaps, still more remarkable. He goes to the vases in museums, and prints a few examples of the characters written, he thinks, about 500 B.C. The vases are the work of the despised and comparatively illiterate class of potters. If potters could write anything like Mr. Paley's specimens in 500 B.C., the educated classes might obviously have written whole libraries hundreds of years earlier, allowing for the usual rate of progress in elementary education. Mr. Paley complains that the potters did not write "legibly," and "suspects not very many can read the inscriptions." Why, "not very many" can read the MS. discovered by Vilhoison; "not very many" can read any old Latin charter; not very many can read Aldine editions. Mr. Paley's examples are infinitely more legible than a post-card in Greek which I have just received from one of the most accurate and brilliant of scholars. The characters of the vases are not exactly those which we have adopted in print, but they are small, distinct, and well-formed. Mr. Paley says that the early Greeks often wrote illegibly. Then why did they write at all, if no one could read what they wrote? Mr. Paley adds, "the style of spelling the letters in use, above all the almost universal practice of writing backwards, render the notion of a written *Iliad* of 500 B.C. almost inconceivable." In this way Artemus Ward might have argued: "The style of spelling, the letters in use, make a written Chaucer of 1390 almost inconceivable." What does it matter whether people write from left to right, or from right to left? It takes up the same space either way. Leonardo da Vinci wrote in both styles. Hebrew writing, I believe, is what Mr. Paley calls "written backwards;" and yet the Old Testament indisputably exists.

As to writing, then, Mr. Paley will not believe that the Rhodian mercenaries of Psammetichus could write, because he has not seen the famous inscription; and he argues that, as the potters of 500 B.C. did not spell Greek as he spells it, or use the modern letters, or write from left to right, therefore, till after the death of Pericles, a written *Iliad* was impossible. Now, people who are not experts can see that, if even potters could write a well-formed distinct hand in 500 B.C. (the date is of Mr. Paley's own choice, and the letters are clearly formed, though archaic), the Eupatridæ

and the well-born poets might conceivably write an epic hundreds of years earlier. The mere idea of urging that not very many readers of *Macmillan's Magazine* can decipher old Greek handwriting, and that, therefore, educated Greeks could not commit an epic to writing, shows the hopelessness of Mr. Paley's position. His position is that it was not till some seventy years after potters could write and read that "the demand arose for a literary Homer which could be transcribed and used as a *textus receptus*."

Here Mr. Paley's argument becomes, to my mind, really amazing. Till after the death of Pericles there was no demand for books. People were satisfied with the floating lays which rhapsodists recited. From these lays the dramatists chose topics, the vase-painters selected subjects. These subjects were not those of which we read in our Homer. Our Homer's themes (Mr. Paley insists) were almost unknown. Then came the demand for the *textus receptus* of well-known lays; and how was it made? Why, by compiling all the incidents that no one had ever heard of, and omitting all that had been long familiar to everybody! By doing this, by "compiling" our *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, "no very wonderful performance," the "diaskeuast" threw all the old poems into the shade. Strange as it may seem, this is Mr. Paley's argument.

M. Pierron's phrase, "des choses dénuées de sens," seems harsh, but what phrase is to be used? A written version of well-known songs was asked for, and the demand was met by the supply of songs which were hardly known at all—which omitted almost everything that was known. Mr. Paley has come to this conclusion from what he considers the fact that the dramatists and vase-painters did not use topics from our Homer. They did not use them, and why? Because they did not know them. Then, how did the "diaskeuast" know them? "He made a selection from poems varying in date by many centuries." How did these poems escape the notice of the dramatists? How did "the old ballads," which the "diaskeuasts" reduced into shape, escape the dramatists? Again, how did "the *Cypria*, *Nostoi*, *Little Iliad*, and some others," which "the Tragic and Pindar made regular and constant use of," and which must have been copious and long—how did these poems exist? Were they ballads, and was an epitome of them wanted? Then, why did not the "diaskeuast" make it? Were they long written poems? Then, what was there to prevent the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* from being written? Were they the poems Aristotle knew in a literary shape? In that case, how was it impossible that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* should exist in a literary shape? Were they quite different poems from those which Aristotle knew? Then, when and how did the transference of titles happen?

Mr. Mahaffy strengthens his case for the prevalence of writing for literary purposes before 430 B.C. by the irrefragable argument that without writing no skill could have constructed the elaborate measures of Pindar and of the tragic choruses. "Will even Mr. Paley pretend that the elaborate and difficult strophes and antistrophes of these choral odes (and of Pindar and Simonides) were composed extempore?" Here Mr. Paley says, "This is plausible, and might be granted, perhaps, but it does not go far enough. We want to show that there was a demand for written literature, and that people in those early times were not contented with spectacles and recitations." Here Mr. Paley, without knowing it, throws up his case. He is compelled almost to admit that the early choruses could not have been composed without writing. If they could be written, anything could be written. But there is no sign of a popular demand for written books. Now, here comes a point which Mr. Mahaffy has hardly seized. In an age when there was no popular demand for a written literature—say, about 1000 A.D., in Modern Europe—there was still a need for written *codices* of the poems, from

which rhapsodists or *jongleurs* refreshed their memory before they recited—hence that little copy (a *jongleur's* copy) of the *Chanson de Roland* which gives our earliest text. The poem was known to the world through oral recitation, the MS. was indispensable to the reciter. Thus the Greek States had their early *codices*, the Massiliotic and the rest, which are often referred to in the *Scholias*. The age was far from literary: there was no demand for written books, but a few examples were necessary, and Mr. Paley, when confronted with the argument which "seems plausible" but "is not enough," almost allows that a few *codices* might have existed. He must either do this or suppose that Aeschylus, Pindar, and Simonides composed without the aid of writing.

Mr. Paley makes no attempt at all to meet Mr. Mahaffy's strong and obvious argument drawn from the very slight variations which existed between the various "city editions," which La Roche dates not later than 450 B.C. He must suppose, too, that dramatists and painters did not know, because they did not use, all the adventures in the *Odyssey*, though those adventures, as I have shown ("Contes Populaires dans Homère," *Mélanges*, November 1877), are *Märchen* current in India, China, Mexico, the Pyrenees, and, therefore, of immense antiquity. He finds "many affected archaisms" in our Homer, but does not observe that a number of common words are uniformly used in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in a sense which they had lost before Pindar's time, a proof, perhaps, that the "diaskeuast" was a more cunning man than Ireland, or Surtees of Mainsforth, or any other restorer of spurious antiquities. He asks, "who is entitled to speak of Homer at all" if a careful student of Homeric language, one who knows every line of Pindar and the dramatists, and has examined of set purpose the writings and paintings on thousands of Greek vases, arrives at conclusions which are held absurd? Well, a man who would turn what is believed about the epics upside down must know more than Homer and Pindar and the dramatists, more than the inscriptions on thousands of vases. He must use the most rigid logic, must possess the most delicate literary taste, must be acquainted with all the early poetry of the world, and with what is known of its transmission and composition. He must be an archaeologist and a palaeographer second to none; Egypt and Assyria must be open books to him; the history of the evolution of society must to him be familiar. When such an historian, critic, archaeologist, and logician tries to persuade us that our Homer is not older than 430 B.C.; that it is "no very wonderful performance;" that it is full of "affected archaisms"—he will find us hardly to be persuaded.

A. LANG.

FATHER PARSONS, FALSTAFF, AND SHAKSPEARE.

Ilkley: Feb. 28, 1879.

Notwithstanding the interesting researches of Mr. Halliwell-Phillips and Mr. Gairdner, there are still many obscure points about the pedigree of Falstaff. How was it, for example, that a religious enthusiast like Sir John Oldcastle became the centre of a group of stories and associations like those which seem to have gathered round him? The old play of *Henry the Fifth*, in which he appears as one of the riotous companions of Prince Hal, must have been written before the death of Tarleton in 1588; and it is not improbable that at a much earlier date John Foxe may have intended an allusion to the dramatic character when he enumerates among possible substitutions for the real Oldcastle "some Termagant out of Babylonia, some Herod of Jewry, or some grand pancht Epicure of this world." Was the buffoon swashbuckler of the pre-Shaksperian stage evolved from a genuine legend, or did the legend itself take its rise from the creation of the playwrights? And closely connected with this point is the question whether Shakspeare in the

first instance adopted the name as well as the outward semblance and some of the characteristics of the Lollard knight, or whether the many contemporary allusions to Falstaff as Oldcastle are to be regarded simply as survivals due to the persistency of popular traditions?

During the latter half of the sixteenth century the character of Oldcastle was a constant battlefield between Catholic and Protestant. Bale was the first to revive the memory of "that most sweete freshe myrrour of Chrysten manhode," and his *Cronycle*, published in 1548, was written in the interests of the Reformers. Foxe, in the first edition of the *Acts and Monuments* (1562-3), followed the narrative of Bale, and gave his hero a prominent place in the list of martyrs. Nicholas Harpessfield, writing under the name of Alain Cope, attacked Foxe's account in his *Dialogi ser* (Antv., 1566), to which Foxe replied in his second edition. The pages in which he scolds Harpessfield are perhaps the most lively in the whole book. "Drowsie or rather lousie dialogues," "ridiculous and most loud-lying hyperbolism," "stinking blasphemy" are some of the phrases bestowed upon Oldcastle's detractor. The most important of the replies to Foxe was that of Father Parsons in his *History of the Three Conversions of England* (1603-4), in which he controverts all Foxe's statements about Oldcastle, and holds him up to obloquy as a ruffian and traitor. Seven years later Speed, writing the history of the reign of Henry V. for his *History of Great Britaine* (London, 1611), has the following:—

"N. D. [i.e., Rob. Parsons writing as Nic. Doleman] author of the three conversions hath made Oldcastle a Ruffian, a Robber, and a Retell, and his authority taken from the *Stage-Players*, is more befitting the pen of his slanderous report than the credit of the judicious, being only grounded from this Papist and his Poet, of like conscience for lies, the one ever faining and the other ever falsifying the truth."

The allusions here are too definite to admit of any doubt that the historian refers to something written by Parsons, in which that writer appeals to some dramatic treatment of Oldcastle as reflecting his own and the popular opinion about him. And in a marginal note Speed has given a precise reference to his authority: "The review by N. D., p. 31." Ritson quoted this passage seventy years ago, but he quoted it inaccurately, and said nothing about the reference, which is perhaps the reason why it has received so little attention. When I first read the passage in the original, I supposed that Speed referred to a book of Parsons entitled *Review of Ten Publick Disputations concerning Points in Religion** (1604), which is frequently found bound up with the *Three Conversions*, but nothing of the kind occurs in any of the copies that I have had an opportunity of consulting. Did Parsons write some other "Review" in which he replied to his objectors, or does the passage occur in some impressions of the book and not in others? There is considerable variation in the "make-up" of several of Parsons' works.

In the *History of the Three Conversions* I can find only one word which indicates that Parsons may have been influenced by popular traditions. This word is "dissolute," and occurs in the calendar portion of the third book:—

"Syr John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham Martyr. This man being of an insolent and dissolute life rebelled against K. Henry the 5, spoiled the Countrey, was partly a Wickliffian, partly an Anabaptist in Religion, and at his death said he should rise again the thirde day to redeeme those of his own sect."

For the charge of heresy and rebellion the writer brings chapter and verse from Stowe and Walsingham, but gives no authority for "dissolute." Sut-

* Was not Parsons the first writer to use the word "Review" in its modern literary sense? In the Preface to this work he says: "I have thought good here to examine all together in this *Re-view*"—the word divided, and printed in italics.

cliffe, in his *Threefold Answer to Parsons* (Lond., 1606), refers to this point:—

"That he was a disorderly fellow for life his very adversaries could not say of him. Nay there appeareth no such matter objected against him in all the processes and records that concern his businesse."

It is of course possible that Parsons, although writing when Shakspeare's *Henry IV.* was in its first blush of popularity, may have been referring to the old *Henry the Fifth*, or to some other drama or dramas not now extant. If, however, as at first sight appears more probable, "his poet" was Shakspeare, there would be the curious fact that our great dramatist at the very zenith of his career should have been publicly stigmatised in connexion with an adherent of the ancient faith.

There is evidence that the Oldcastle legend flourished until the end of the century. During the agitation about Titus Oates and the Popish Plot, the rebellion of Oldcastle became once more the subject of public discussion. Henry Care in the *Poquet of Advice from Rome*, March 31, 1682, alludes to the aspersions upon Oldcastle's memory "by Parsons the Jesuit and others," which are "reducible into Two Sorts, viz. 1st. That he was a Traitor to his Sovereign; 2ly. That he was a drunken Companion or Debauchee." Care defends his hero upon both counts. Upon the latter he advances the following theory to account for the origin of the popular stories:—

"Nothing was more obliging to the Domineering Ecclesiastick Grandees, then to have him represented as a Lewd fellow; in compliance thereof to the clergy, the Wits (such as they were) in the succeeding Ages brought him in, in their Interludes, as a Royster, Bully, or Hector: And the Painter borrowing the fancy from their cozen Poets have made his head commonly an Ale-house Sign with a Brimmer in his hand; and so foolishly it has been Tradition'd to Posterity."

And he goes on to quote the remarks of Fuller in his *Church History*.

I do not suppose that "Sir John Oldcastle" as a public-house sign has survived to our own day, but in Hotten's *History of Signboards* there is mention of a tavern of this name which stood in Coldbath Fields about the beginning of last century, and exactly opposite to it was a rival hostelry, the "Lord Cobham's Head." The difference of style probably denoted a party distinction. The High Churchmen no doubt caroused at the one, while the saints fuddled at the other.

C. ELLIOT BROWNE.

THE CASTELLANI SARCOPHAGUS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Stanmore Hill, Great Stanmore, Middlesex:
March 1, 1879.

Circumstances have prevented my reading till to-day the correspondence which has occupied some space in your journal on the subject of the Cervetri sarcophagus in the British Museum. On doing so I could but be amazed at Mr. Taylor's boldness in returning so often to the attack, after such continued defeat of his several objections. Hydra-like, new heads appear at every letter, but to be bruised by the massive club of our Herakles of antiquarian lore. Less worthy is his attack where, perverting Mr. Newton's statements, he wrongly tells us that that gentleman sees a wide gulf of not less than two centuries in the art of the recumbent figures in the round and the reliefs upon the sides! This is precisely what he does not say, for he refers to the relative antiquity of the Louvre sarcophagus and those with which so many European museums are well stored, and which generally represent a late period of Etruscan art under Greek influence.

I could point out other passages where Mr. Taylor rather waives the question than fairly answers or acknowledges the force of Mr. Newton's reasoning and references. When two such scholars are in the field it is not for me to offer

remarks upon the epigraphy of the inscription, except as to the apparent genuineness of its execution. Mr. Taylor's opportunities and powers of observation are unknown to me; but his fatal mistake of the lady's *peplos* of fine texture for a "pair of pants" would hardly inspire confidence! Perhaps had he seen the sarcophagus in the fragmentary condition in which it first reached the British Museum—as I had an opportunity of doing—his mind might have been more satisfied by ocular examination as to its antiquity—even as regards the inscription. He might have observed incrustations of earthy and other matter, partially or entirely covering ornament and letters in a way that, to my eye (not quite new to the examination of such evidences of antiquity), was satisfactory. Nor did I detect restored portions in any that I saw. Mr. Ready, by whose able hand it was put together, could bear witness to such facts. If the Louvre sarcophagus is antique, certainly this has as good a claim—perhaps, in certain details, a better.

If Mr. Taylor had ever been behind the scenes in Rome and elsewhere; had ever had opportunities of seeing *roba di scavi* as it comes from the resurrectionists to their confederates' or agents' hands, and been made aware of the mystery and caution which those smugglers find it necessary to observe in conveying and concealing it, he would hardly have fallen back upon the want of direct and declared evidence of its disinterment at Cervetri and conveyance to Pennelli's, as his strongest argument against the genuineness of this or any other antique monument.

These speak for themselves, if our eyes can but discern correctly the evidence they afford; and although in certain directions no man is infallible, the genuineness of an antique will, sooner or later, assert itself. I think that the Cervetri sarcophagus in the British Museum has already done so.

C. D. E. FORTNUM.

[We can insert no further correspondence on this subject.—ED.]

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

- MONDAY, March 10.—5 P.M. London Institution: "The Theory of Combustion, and History of Artificial Illumination," by H. A. Severn.
8 P.M. Society of Arts: "Household Sanitary Arrangements" IV., by Dr. W. H. Corfield.
8.30 P.M. Geographical: "The Second Circumnavigation of Lake Nyassa," by Dr. J. Stewart.
TUESDAY, March 11.—1 P.M. Horticultural.
3 P.M. Royal Institution: "Animal Development," by Prof. Schäfer.
8 P.M. Anthropological Institute: "The Geographical Distribution of Games," by E. B. Tylor; "On Gaelic Mythology," by Hector Maclean.
8 P.M. Civil Engineers: "Movable Bridges," by Jas. Price.
8 P.M. Photographic.
WEDNESDAY, March 12.—8 P.M. Society of Arts: "The Compensation of Time-keepers," by E. Rigg.
8 P.M. Microscopical: "A Contribution to the Knowledge of British Oubutidae," by A. D. Michael; "Development and Retrogression of the Fat Cell," by G. Hoggan.
8 P.M. Geological: "On Condolents from the Chazy and Cincinnati Groups of the Cambro-Silurian, &c., in Canada and the United States," and "On Annelid Jaws from the Cambro-Silurian, Silurian and Devonian Formations in Canada, &c.," by G. J. Hinde; "The Gold-leads of Nova Scotia," by H. S. Poole; "On Perlitic and Sphaerulitic Structures in the Lavas of the Glyder Fawr, North Wales," by F. Rutley.
8 P.M. Graphic.
8 P.M. Telegraph Engineers: "Experimental Researches into Means of preventing Induction upon lateral Wires," by Prof. D. E. Hughes.
THURSDAY, March 13.—3 P.M. Royal Institution: "Sound," by Prof. Tyndall.
7 P.M. London Institution: "English Composers for the Virginal and Harpsichord," by E. Paucor.
8 P.M. Mathematical: "On Differential Equations, total and partial," by Sir J. Cockle; "Discussion of two double Series arising from the Number of Terms in Determinants of certain Forms," by J. D. H. Dickson; "A Property of the Discriminant of the Cubic," by Prof. E. J. S. Smith.
8 P.M. Historical: "John Calvin," by Col. the Hon. J. B. Finlay; "Remarks on the Study of History, with special Relation to Scotland," by the Rev. Dr. C. Rogers.
8 P.M. Society of Arts: "Injurious Effects of the Air of large Towns on animal and vegetable Life, and on Methods proposed for securing salubrious Air," by W. E. Thomson.
8.30 P.M. Royal: "Influence of Electricity on colliding Water-drops," by Lord Rayleigh; "Influence of Coal-dust in Colliery Explosions," II., by W. Galloway.
8.30 P.M. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, March 14.—8 P.M. Astronomical.

- 8 P.M. Quckett.
8 P.M. New Shakspeare: "Which is the next greatest of Shakspeare's Plays after *Hamlet*?" by the Rev. M. W. Mayow.
9 P.M. Royal Institution: "History of Games," by E. B. Tylor.
SATURDAY, March 15.—3 P.M. Royal Institution: "Richelieu and Colbert," by W. H. Pollock.

SCIENCE.

Sturlunga Saga, including the Islendinga Saga of Lawman Sturla Thordsson. Edited, with Prolegomena, &c., by Dr. Gudbrand Vigfusson. In Two Volumes. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

Saga af Tristram ok Isönd, samt Möttuls Saga. Udgivne af det Kongelige nordiske Oldskrift-Selskab. (Kjöbenhavn: Thiele.)

THAT Dr. Vigfusson was engaged on an edition of that complex series of historical and genealogical works generally entitled *Sturlunga Saga* was well known, but that he would supplement this laborious piece of scholarship by a labour still more arduous and precious could be guessed by none who had not seen the masterly sketch of Icelandic Literature which precedes these volumes under the modest title of Prolegomena. Our author gives as rich men give; he is not content to edit with infinite care a most perplexed and difficult composition, but he throws in, as an everyday matter, what no scholar in any country has hitherto pretended to produce—a succinct historical sketch of that whole mass of writing which was produced in the North, and notably in Iceland, between 930 and 1430. To this we must in the outset draw especial notice, since for the first time an attempt has with any success been made to arrange in a serviceable form the vast body of material with regard to Icelandic literature, and the future historian of that literature will find his worst difficulties overcome and his most dangerous pitfalls discovered. Dr. Vigfusson has, indeed, hewn a path through the forest, and it is on the lines of his elaborate Prolegomena that all future critics of the Icelandic Sagas will have to proceed. He has not attempted to give his work at all a popular character; it is almost sternly scientific, and the reader who turns to it in the hope of amusing himself with its pages will be very solemnly rebuffed by their sober and severe learning; but the scholar will know how to appreciate the intense and minute care bestowed on all branches of the theme, and the unwearied zeal with which every obscure detail has been patiently subduced. That the *Saga* itself is given only in the Icelandic text will again disappoint those whose object is merely entertainment; but those who have secured with difficulty a sight of the only previous edition, that published in Copenhagen between 1816 and 1820, will rejoice to possess the text in so clear and beautiful a form.

Our knowledge of the text of the *Sturlunga Saga* is derived from parts of two vellums of the fourteenth century—one of these is tolerably perfect; the other, in a dreadfully grimy state, exists only as a packet of thirty shreds in the envelope that Arni Magnusson made to preserve them in. I shall never forget the shock it gave me,

when I was taken over the Arni-Magnæan collection, to see the world-renowned *Sturlunga* looking, as Dr. Vigfusson says, more like a parcel of dirty tailors'-patterns than anything else. It is Thorlak Skulason, Bishop of Holar, to whom we owe the preservation of both these MSS.; he discovered them, and had them first copied about 1640. The better-preserved and older of the two has been declared by modern criticism to have been originally written out between the years 1306 and 1320; the grimy shreds belong to about 1350. Early in the eighteenth century, the fine vellum of which the latter are the melancholy relics was destroyed by a creature infinitely viler than Warburton's notorious cook; and it was not until Arni had collected all his thirty fragments that he discovered what they were, and pathetically labelled them "Tabulae Naufragii." As if this MS. were specially doomed to disaster, the paper copy made of it by Bishop Thorlak disappeared about 1750, and has never turned up since. Happily, further copies had been made from this, and in particular two, now in London and Edinburgh, which possess considerable critical value. The first work undertaken by the Icelandic Literary Society was to secure this great treasure from all risk by publishing it; this first edition was seen through the press by Bjarni Thorsteinsson, who died two years ago at the great age of ninety-five.

Sturla Thordarson, whose name the *Sturlunga Saga* bears, was born on July 29, 1214, or 1215, and died on July 30, 1284. The four greatest names in classical Icelandic literature are Ari, Thorodd, Snorri, and Sturla, the golden age of Icelandic letters having already closed before the death of the last of these. Two centuries may, therefore, be taken as the extreme limit of the best Northern writing, the decline of genius in Iceland being almost exactly coeval with its rise in Italy and its extinction in Provence. The last of the great Icelandic writers was the illegitimate son of Thord, the elder brother of the famous historian Snorri Sturluson; and one of the earliest facts we glean about his life is that at the age of seven he was robbed of his grandmother's bequest of jewels by this turbulent uncle. Sturla's youth, however, was a pleasant one, for he was born at a time when the Sturlungs were at the height of their power, and he enjoyed immunity from trouble until the death of his father in 1237. Directly after that event, however, the civil troubles began; his life was saved in the massacre of his relations which followed the battle of Oerlygstad, but the murder of his illustrious uncle Snorri in 1241 was fatal to his fortunes. He suffered one disaster after another, till in 1263 he was forced to fly for his life to Norway, where he commenced his history. He seems to have lived in exile until 1271, and to have finally settled in Iceland about 1278, living in his house on the island of Fagrey in Broadfirth, and busily engaged in literary work until his death in 1284. Unlike his uncle Snorri, who shares with him the laurels of historical genius in Iceland, Sturla was a gentle and pacific person, desirous of living quietly with all men, and famous for his fascinating manners and

charming accomplishments. He twice ruled Iceland as Lawman, but without displaying any political talent.

The body of history and biography known as the *Sturlunga Saga* is compound and confused. Dr. Vigfusson has for the first time contrived to arrange its component parts in some degree of order and intelligibility; he has pulled the clumsy skeleton to pieces and rearticulated it. Much of it has no pretension to be considered the work of Sturla. It opens with the deeds of Geirmund Hellskin, a legend which has no connexion with the history. Next follows *Thorgils Saga ok Hafida*, another secular biography apparently abridged from some lost story, and written before the birth of Sturla. To this succeeds *Sturla Saga*, which recounts the adventures of the great founder of the Sturlunga family. This seems also to have been written down before the birth of Sturla Thordarson. It is followed by a Preface, ushering in the Saga of Gudmund the Priest, afterwards Bishop of Holar; this, again, is obviously from another hand, in which Dr. Vigfusson believes he sees Abbot Lambkar Gunsteinsson. The fifth division of the *Sturlunga* is formed by the wild and bloody Saga of Gudmund Dyri, which contains a very curious early instance of the phenomenon known provisionally as a brain-wave, the wife of Teit suddenly seeing her absent husband sitting by her in the hall at the moment of his death. We next reach a fragment of the Saga of Hrafn Sveinbjornsson, penetrating thus into the mass of the *Sturlunga* without once encountering the peculiar style of Sturla. But now, at last, we reach it, and the remainder of the work forms that famous *Islandinga Saga* which is one of the great masterpieces of universal history. It deals with the affairs of the West of Iceland from 1196 to 1262. There seems to be some confusion in the commencement of this work, and the present editor is inclined to think that something has been lost. The action begins seriously with the marriage of policy made by Snorri with Halleig the widow of Biorn in 1221, and proceeds to describe in the precise and picturesque manner of the writer the subsequent career of Snorri. The brief and brilliant life of his handsome cousin Sturla Sigvatsson presently takes the attention of the historian away from Snorri, and the famous foray upon Saudafell on a January night in 1229 is told in Sturla's most vivid and nervous manner. The scourge of the Sturlungs, the cruel and implacable Kolbein, now appears on the stage, and the misfortunes of the family are described with extraordinary force and pathos by an historian in whose veins their blood was flowing, and who was an eye-witness of their tragical downfall. This portion of the narrative culminates in the battle of Oerlygstad. We then return to Snorri, with whose death the history of the Icelandic commonwealth closes.

The second part of *Islandinga* cannot compare for freshness and vigour with the first. It presents before us a tamer and less heroic condition of life, and is besides greatly inferior in point of style. Dr. Vigfusson builds Sturla's immense fame as an historian almost wholly on the first part, and styles

the second "a collection of biographies." But it contains certain passages of the highest order of merit. For instance, readers to whom the entire study of the *Islandinga* would prove fatiguing may well be recommended to the perusal of those chapters (exci.-cxcv.) in which is described, with the art of Thucydides, how Thord met Kolbein in the bay of Flói in the Arctic seas, and how a great sea-battle was fought and won there under the midnight sun. The amount of fighting, indeed, is a surprising feature in all the Sagas, and the more so when we consider the few persons actually killed.

"The editor has calculated that in the fifty years' feuds, from September 1208 to January 1258, the death of Kolbein Tumason to the death of Thorgils Skardi, only 370 men in all fell, not so many possibly as perished in shipwrecks—when eighty or ninety men often died at once—and fording rivers, during the same time. The explanation of course is that the chiefs alone fought to the death; the common people were always given quarter, and had little interest in continuing a desperate conflict which they could get little good or harm from. The nobles, who could only look for death at the hands of their foemen, had every motive for fighting hard."

It would be ridiculous, of course, to pretend to criticise the mass of varied scholarship enclosed within these bulky volumes. There are few men now living in Europe competent to undertake such a task. But it must not pass unnoticed that they contain, without question, the most original and important additions to our knowledge of Icelandic literature which have appeared in any language for many years, if, indeed, we have not to go back to Rask himself to find a worthy parallel. The publication of this edition does the utmost credit to the University of Oxford, which has known how to attract to our country so learned a scholar as Dr. Vigfusson, and has found so practical a way of securing his services.

From the antique simplicity and originality of the *Sturlunga Saga* we descend a long way in approaching the *Saga af Tristram ok Isönd*, one of the late romantic Sagas—*riddara sögur*—translated in the thirteenth century at the command of the kings of Norway. There is, however, much collateral if little direct interest to be found in the study of this paraphrase, which is edited, though the title-page omits to say so, by Dr. G. Brynjulfson, who published in 1851 the lesser *Tristramssaga*. This, the longer and more ancient paraphrase of the two, is known to us by a paper MS. of the seventeenth century, included, it is not known how, in the collection of Arni Magnusson. Like all the romantic poems and stories dealing with Tristram, it proceeds more or less on the lines of the romance composed about 1170 by the Norman-English chevalier Luce de Gast. It contains nothing about Arthur, nothing about the Table Round, its only connexion with the Arthurian cycle being the name of King Markis' castle, Tintajol. It was composed in 1226, at the desire of King Haakon Haakonsson, by a Brother Robert, the author also of *Elissaga*, and perhaps of *Strengleikar*. The great value of this particular paraphrase rests in the fact that it seems to be an almost literal translation of the earliest form of the story of Tristram, now lost, with the exception

of certain fragments which tally closely with our Saga. Dr. Brynjulfson sees an immediate connexion between this lost poem and the Scotch *Sir Tristram*; and upon this he builds an ingenious theory that the real points of transition between the North-French and Norman-English romances and Scandinavia were the Orkneys and Shetlands. Brother Robert, he thinks, found the original *Tristram* in Orkney, of which he gathers from an obscure passage in the *Orkneyinga Saga* that he was a native. Be this as it may, the various inedited Danish, Icelandic, and Faroe ballads which he prints to illustrate this point are of the highest intrinsic interest. As to the literary value of the *Tristram ok Isönd*, it lacks all the dignity and luminous simplicity of the classic Sagas, but it is very amusing to read. The narrator glides without emphasis over the points that seem to us most interesting, such as the drinking of the love-potion, and lingers lovingly over the giants, dragons, and rainbow-coloured dogs of the tale. Only once, in the description of the cave where Markis found *Tristram* and *Isönd* lying asleep with a drawn sword between them, does a remnant of some more sublime and archaic myth seem to be woven into the loose romantic tissue.

The *Möttulssaga* is an almost literal translation of the old French *fabliau De cort mantel*, and tells the well-known story of how a squire came riding into Arthur's Court with a gorgeously embroidered mantle, which none could wear but she who had ever been pure in heart and deed, and how all the ladies of the Court tried in vain to wear it, but no one of them could, save one shy maid, who had lingered outside through modesty, and hers it was. This mantle is frequently mentioned in the Triads, and was one of the thirteen jewels of the kingdom of Britain. In the Welsh poems, the person who won and wore it was Tegan Eurvron, the wife of Caradoc.

Dr. Brynjulfson has had great trouble with the English St. Michael's Mount. In the body of the work he doubts whether any such place is known in Cornwall, and in an Appendix he has discovered that there is a rotten borough of St. Michael near Tintagel. This, of course, is a mistake; St. Michael's Mount lies on the south, not the north, coast of Cornwall, and Dr. Brynjulfson will find it, not as a "rotten borough," but as a grand insulated rock, in front of the town of Marazion and directly opposite its Breton namesake.

EDMUND W. GOSSE.

The Meteorology of the Bombay Presidency.
By Chas. Chambers, F.R.S. Printed by
Order of Her Majesty's Secretary of State
for India.

METEOROLOGY has suffered more than almost any other science from attempts to generalise on insufficient data, and the theories of the earlier meteorologists have been, perforce, based on observations made in Western Europe, inasmuch as accurate information from the other continents was hardly available in their time. Notwithstanding the assertion of Humboldt that the solution of most of the meteorological problems of the

world was to be found within the tropics, there is, even now, scarcely a station within the torrid zone where really continuous observations of high character are maintained. The Dutch have Batavia, and the Jesuit Fathers Manilla, but these observatories are recent foundations. Trevandrum has long since ceased to exist as an observing-establishment; and as for Madras, whatever may be the value of the work done there, the results given to the world are paltry indeed. Bombay alone has maintained its position as a first-class observatory for the space of thirty-seven years, since November 1841. There was, therefore, an abundant accumulation of material on the shelves for Mr. Chambers to discuss, and the outcome of his work is the present stately quarto, with its copious atlas of diagrams. Strange to say, the volume is apparently unpublished, to judge from the title-page! It has, however, been distributed with a liberality rare in this country.

The scope of the investigation is, however, not confined to the meteorology of the city of Bombay, but embraces that of the entire Presidency, forming in that respect a notable advance on most previous attempts to give a general *conspectus* of the climate of the Indian Peninsula, such as Glaisher's *Report on the Meteorology of India*—which failed utterly, through no fault of the author, but owing to the imperfection of the materials available for the enquiry—and the costly *fiasco* of von Schlagintweit.

In one respect the present volume is certainly not a cheap production, for Mr. Chambers holds that "as a means of concise representation of phenomena of observational science, graphical constructions are greatly superior to verbal descriptions." He therefore "regards it as conducive to economy of mental effort to make a free use of graphical constructions." Such a free use has been made, for every result has been reproduced in diagram or chart.

Part I. deals with the records of the Colaba observatory itself, and the mathematical treatment is most elaborate. The question, however, which will occur to everyone will be—Are the records throughout of such a character as to bear the superstructure of so much mathematical reasoning? In the case of more than one observatory which we might name, and of which the results have been carefully discussed, and have formed the basis for extensive cosmical theories, subsequent enquiry has thrown grave doubt on the accuracy of the instruments or on the perfection of the arrangements for observation. In fact, it would seem that in some instances the sum of the observations *plus* discussion has been a constant, the best calculators being rarely first-class observers. In each case in the present volume we find not only the ordinary tabular values—in the obtaining of some portion of which, the mean daily values, Mr. Chambers has employed, instead of Bessel's Formula, the method of deriving "Smoothed" means used by Sir G. Airy in his earth-current discussions—but also tables showing the frequency of occurrence, and the probability of occurrence, in each fortnight of each barometrical and thermometrical reading.

The hygrometrical observations have been made with the dry- and wet-bulb thermometers throughout, and calculated by Apjohn's Formula. We find no notice of any experiments to test the value of this method in the climate of Bombay, or to try the possible effect of artificial ventilation on the readings.

The wind results have been treated in special detail, and present features of much interest, owing to the presence of the monsoons, and the development of the land and sea breeze, of which latter phenomena Mr. F. Chambers proposed a special explanation of his own in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1873.

The course of the wind throughout the year is shown by closed curves, similar to those employed by Mr. C. Chambers in his former papers, and by Mr. Rundell in his discussion of the winds at Liverpool.

Part II. is devoted to the observations taken at five military stations, Belgaum, Poona, Bombay, Deesa, and Kurrachee. These were organised by the East India Company in 1851 under the medical officers at the European hospitals, and have been maintained to the present day. The observations were at 9.30 A.M. and 3.30 P.M., with hourly readings on a term day in each month. The records for seventeen years—1856 to 1872—are discussed, and the table of *lacunae* shows that Poona is the only station, except Bombay, which does not exhibit a serious array of gaps. It does not appear that these observatories had all been inspected by Mr. Chambers at the date of the Report; and the particulars given of the position of the instruments, &c., are far from satisfactory, there being little attempt at uniformity. The materials available have, however, been discussed with care and, in the case of the wind, in great detail, owing to the interest attaching to the special phenomena of air motion already mentioned.

Part III. is a discussion of the temperature, winds, and rainfall of the Presidency from all the obtainable records, including the tabular results given by Glaisher and von Schlagintweit. It contains a copious treasure-house of rainfall returns taken under most varying circumstances.

Part IV. deals with the climate of the Presidency as a whole, and in it the author advances various physical speculations of his own as to the general processes of aerial circulation. We may, perhaps, be allowed to enter our protest against the phrase "topsy-turvy movements" as applied to atmospherical phenomena.

ROBERT H. SCOTT.

SCIENCE NOTES.

PHYSIOLOGY.

Motor Centres of the Cortex Cerebri.—At a meeting of the Société de Biologie, on January 25, MM. Franck and Pitres communicated the results of some experiments on the motor zone of the cerebral cortex in the cat. They find that if stimulation of a circumscribed area in this region by induced currents be prolonged for a certain time, the initial spasm of the corresponding muscles gradually yields, and gives place to relaxation. This relaxation is, undoubtedly, due to a

temporary exhaustion of cortical excitability, which is strictly limited to the over-stimulated region, the neighbouring centres retaining their normal sensitiveness to the current. The exhausted centres spontaneously recover their ordinary excitability if the stimulus is withdrawn for a few minutes. These observations appear to throw some light on the phenomenon of transient paralysis of a limb following partial convulsion. Another interesting fact is this. Stimulation of the grey matter of the motor zone gives rise, under certain well-known conditions, to epileptiform convulsions on the opposite side of the body. These convulsions last for a variable time after the cessation of the stimulus. Now, it is found that when a stimulus of equal or even of much greater intensity is applied to the white substance underlying the cortical centres, after removal of the grey matter, no true convulsion is developed; while the current passes, the muscles of the corresponding limbs remain in a state of tetanic contraction; but this abruptly ceases as soon as the electrodes are removed from the brain. In other words, partial epilepsy may be induced by exciting the grey matter, but not by stimulation of the white substance of the hemispheres. This confirms the current doctrine of the "central" function of the cortical tissue.

Numeration of Blood-Corpuscles.—Cutler and Bradford, employing Malassez's method of counting the corpuscles, have made some observations on the variations in their number taking place in health (*Journal of Physiology*, i., 6). They find that the number of discs per cubic millimetre of blood varies greatly in different parts of the circulatory system, these local variations depending in all likelihood on the functions of the tissues or organs traversed by the blood. On the whole, they may be supposed to compensate one another. Again, the proportion of corpuscles is influenced by causes which modify the concentration of the *liquor sanguinis*—such as profuse perspiration, privation of water, &c. The number of corpuscles is subject to daily and weekly variations; it is influenced by the seasons. Lastly, the proportion of red discs in the blood is increased after food, while that of leucocytes is diminished.

On the Stimulation of contractile Protoplasm by sudden Illumination.—It has not hitherto been observed that contractile protoplasm is susceptible of being irritated by ordinary daylight in the same way as by an electric shock or by mechanical violence. Indeed, in all the cases hitherto investigated, neither white nor monochromatic light has ever been seen to exert any influence on protoplasmic movement. This is true of the colourless blood-corpuscles and other amoeboid elements in the vertebrate and invertebrate organism, of the ordinary amoebae of fresh and salt water, of many Rhizopods and Infusoria, &c. Engelmann has recently discovered, however, that there exists an exception to the rule (*Pflüger's Archiv*, xix., 1). *Polomyxa palustris*, an amoebiform organism first described by Greeff, shrinks into a spherical mass and becomes motionless when light is allowed to fall upon it suddenly. When the light is admitted gradually, no marked effect is perceived. Neither does any result follow the sudden shutting-off of illumination. No positive results were obtained from experiments with monochromatic light. Comparative trials with electrical and mechanical stimuli showed that to these *Polomyxa* was not more susceptible than *Amoeba diffuens*.

Injection of Milk into the Circulation.—The proposal to introduce milk into the veins instead of transfusing blood has lately been revived in the United States. Some dangers incidental to the method were insisted on by M. Laborde at the meeting of the Société de Biologie on February 1. He pointed out that when a quantity of milk exceeding 100 cubic centimetres is injected into the circulation of a dog of medium size, the operation is invariably fatal, death ensuing usually within twenty-four hours, sometimes not until the

fourth or fifth day. The minute oil-globules suspended in the milk obstruct the small blood-vessels in different parts of the body; ecchymoses being found after death in the lungs, the mucous membranes, the nerve-centres. The process of capillary embolism may actually be watched in the mesentery of a frog into whose lymph-sacs milk has been introduced. The author points out that the analogy between milk and chyle, on which great stress has been laid by the advocates of milk-injection, is altogether inadequate and misleading.

On the Inertia of the Retina.—It is true of all the senses that an interval has to elapse between the application of an appropriate stimulus and the development of the corresponding sensation. A certain degree of inertia has to be overcome. By means of a special apparatus for graduating at will the intensity of the incident rays, Charpentier has investigated this phenomenon in relation to the eye (*Comptes Rendus*, 27 Janvier, 1879). If the intensity of the light be gradually augmented from the zero-point, the sensation is developed when a certain minimum intensity is reached. But if the intensity of the stimulus be now as gradually diminished, we find that the eye will continue to perceive it till it has fallen to one-third or one-fourth of the original minimum. In producing the initial sensation, a certain amount of light has, so to speak, been wasted in putting the machinery in motion. Further, if the eye has been carefully shielded from the light for some minutes before performing the experiment, it will be capable of perceiving light which is fifty or even one hundred times less intense than that required to provoke a luminous sensation. This enormous difference is equally manifested whether monochromatic or white light be employed. Now, if we apply a similar test to the sensation of colour, we find that for the chromatic as for the luminous stimulus a certain minimum is needed to provoke the sensation, which still continues to be excited when the intensity of the stimulus is progressively diminished. So far, the two sensations—that of light and that of colour—obey the same law. But if we proceed to compare the sensitiveness of the eye in full activity with that of the eye which has been allowed a period of absolute rest, we no longer find any such increase in its susceptibility to the chromatic stimulus as was observed in the case of light. This result is altogether opposed to the current opinion that the sensation excited by white light is really a resultant of the simultaneous development of several determinate colour-sensations; it shows, on the contrary, that the sensation of light is altogether independent of that of colour, and really a simpler kind of reaction on the part of the visual apparatus.

Is the Secretion of the Sudoriparous Glands acid?—This question has always been hitherto answered in the affirmative. An accidental observation led Luchsinger and Trümper (*Pflüger's Archiv*, xviii., 10, 11) to subject this universal belief to a critical investigation. They have arrived at the somewhat unexpected conclusion that in the human subject the reaction of the sweat is as decidedly and invariably alkaline as that of the saliva. When a bit of blue litmus-paper is rubbed on the skin it turns red; but this reaction is due to the presence of fatty acids, excreted by the sebaceous follicles. When the skin of the face has been thoroughly cleansed with ether and distilled water, and perspiration excited by the subcutaneous injection of pilocarpin or by a hot-air bath, the secretion which appears upon its surface always blues litmus-paper. The alkalinity of the perspiration always increases as time goes on, the residue of fatty acids in the epidermis having to be neutralised in the first place. Again, if a region be selected which is destitute of sebaceous glands—e.g., the palm of the hand—and a local secretion of sweat provoked by the hypodermic injection of pilocarpin, the fluid poured out is strongly alkaline from the first and remains so till the close of the experiment.

PHILOLOGY.

DR. ANDREW FRIGELL has published a first instalment of a full collation of the most important MSS. and early editions of Livy—*Collatio codicum Livianorum atque editionum antiquissimarum* (Upsala: Universitets Arsskrift). He has collated afresh the following MSS.:—Mediceus, Romanus, Floriacensis, Parisiensis 5725; and has published for the first time the readings of Parisiensis 5726 (Colbertinus). The volume before us deals with the first three books, and concludes with some emendations from the hand of Dr. Frigell himself.

DR. JOHANN HUERNER—*De Sedulii poetæ vita et scriptis commentatio* (Vienna)—argues that the Life of Sedulius found in several MSS. is to be attributed to Gennadius, and that the poet probably lived in the time of Theodosius the younger and Valentinian. The essay contains a full discussion on the life, studies, and poems of Sedulius.

C. E. SANDSTRÖM'S *Studia Critica in Papinium Statium* (Upsala) contain a number of very venturesome emendations.

A VOLUME of *Translations* by Messrs. R. C. Jebb, H. Jackson, and W. E. Currey (Deighton and Bell) contains a series of versions of short passages from Greek and Latin into English and *vice versa*. The object of the book is "to afford a tolerably complete course of training for classical students preparing for examinations." The authors say that they have "studied accuracy and fidelity rather than liveliness and effect." It would not be fair, however, to take the book—which contains some admirable examples of style—at its own estimate. Among many excellent renderings nothing has struck us more than Prof. Jebb's translation of Livy's account of the battle of Lake Trasimene (p. 228, foll.), and his *aleaic* version of "Rule, Britannia" (p. 369). The chief fault of the translations into English prose appears to us to be an occasional excess of literalness, which sometimes defeats its own object: as when ὕβρις πεπαιδευμένη is rendered "educated insolence," a phrase conveying quite a different impression from the Greek. We have also lighted on a few errors, which we hope may be corrected in a second edition. On page 121, in a passage from Aristotle, ἀρμονία is translated first as "musical style," and afterwards as "harmony;" the first expression is too vague; the latter quite misleading—for ἀρμονία here means "mode," more nearly expressed by the English word "key" than any other. On page 218, "Iudicia non metuis. Si propter innocentiam, laudo; sin propter vim, non intellegis," &c., is rendered as follows:—"You do not fear the laws. If innocence is your reason, well and good; but if the reason is your strength," &c. "Laws" is hardly accurate for iudicia, nor is "strength" correct for vim. On page 385, Macaulay's words, "A person small and emaciated, yet deriving dignity from a carriage which, while it indicated deference to the Court, indicated also habitual self-possession and self-respect," are translated "Corpori exiguo et tenui dignitatem haud mediocrem præbebat habitus tum erga iudices modestus, tum ingenii constantiam et superbiam declarans:" here tum—tum is confused with cum—tum, nor can superbia possibly stand for "self-respect." On page 403, "those barbarous warriors who were foremost in the battle or the breach were far his inferiors" is not well rendered by "longe superabat barbaros illos milites qui primas in proelio, primas in urbe vi expugnanda tenebant." Surely to a Roman reader urbe thus used would mean the city of Rome; why not "urbibus vi expugnandis"? Why, again, on page 421, should the words "peace is made" be translated "Iovem lapidem iurasse?" There is no evidence to show that "Iovem lapidem iurare" was used of a treaty of peace. We should add that, the purpose of the book being avowedly educational, the Latin orthography might have been better attended to:

coelum, Camoenae, praelium, conditio (for *condicio*), *ditio, caetera, poenitentia*, should be consigned to limbo.

UNDER the title *Sechs Bearbeitungen des alt-französischen Gedichts von Karls des Grossen Reise nach Jerusalem und Constantinopel* (Heilbronn: Henninger), Dr. E. Koschwitz has published some versions, hitherto not easily accessible, of the Old-French *Voyage de Charlemagne*. The first is the Welsh *Ystoria Charles*, from the Red-Book of Hergest, which is of considerable linguistic and literary importance as a Welsh text; the copy is due to Prof. Rhys, who has also contributed an English translation, without which the original would have been of use to but few Romanic scholars. Then follow three Early French versions, as given in three varieties of the story of *Gahien*; Dr. Kölbing contributes and edits the other two versions, of which one (*Geiplur*) is Icelandic, the other (*Geipa-Tättur*) Faeroic. The six versions, to which Dr. Koschwitz has prefixed an instructive Introduction, are of great value for the literary history of the Old-French poem, and we are glad to learn that their editor will shortly complete his previous work at this by a critical edition.

THE new volume of the *Transactions* of the Philological Society reflects great credit, not only upon the society, but also upon English philology generally. The volume consists of articles of the highest value and interest. Mr. Elworthy, whose name guarantees the scientific worth of his contributions, begins with an exhaustive account of the Dialect of West Somerset. Prof. Mayor continues his investigations into English metre. Mr. Cousins communicates an important memoir on the Malagasy Language of Madagascar, in which island he has been for many years a missionary. Mr. A. J. Ellis has a paper of the greatest interest on the Anglo-Cymric score to which Mr. Isaac Taylor drew public attention two years ago. We propose to deal with it in detail shortly. And the volume concludes with the Annual Address of the President, Mr. Sweet, which, like the rest of Mr. Sweet's work, is characterised by scientific thoroughness, original research, and trenchant criticism. It embodies reports on the Swiss-German dialects, by Dr. Tobler; on the Languages of Polynesia, by Dr. Whitmee; and on the Quichua of Peru, by M. von Boeck. Altogether the philologist has a rich store placed before him. Among the curiosities of the West Somerset dialect is the tendency to use a double plural when speaking of several articles which have the form of plural nouns in the singular, and Mr. Elworthy relates that he once saw the following inscription on a board over a door in Exeter:—

"Here liv'th a man what dont refuse
To mend
Umbrellases, bellowses, boots and shoes."

IN the *Neue Jahrbücher*, vols. cxvii. and cxviii., part II, the most important paper is that by E. Wilisch on the historical import of the Corinthian myths ("Die sagen von Korinth nach ihrer geschichtlichen bedeutung"). Müller-Strübing has some interesting and suggestive remarks upon Aristophanes, and Rönisch and Loewe some good notes on Latin glossaries. The rest of the number is taken up with short notes by Lowinski on the *Seven against Thebes*, by Rossberg on Xenophon's *Anabasis*, by Döhner on Polybius, by Goetz on the Latin Anthology, by Baehrens on Catullus, by Gilbert on Ovid's *Fasti*, by Heine on Cicero's letters to Brutus, by Bitschofsky on Sidonius Apollinaris, by Sander on the rhetorician Seneca, and by Keek on the *Aeneid*. In the following number the weightiest essay is Schwenke's on the sources followed by Cicero in his *De Natura Deorum*—the first instalment of a dissertation to be completed in the next number. Curt Wachsmuth ("Der Standort des ehernen Viergespanns auf der Akropolis von Athen") defends his emendation ἐξίοντι τὰ προπύλαια in Herodotus,

v., 77. Schöll's paper, "Litterarisches zu Plautus und Terentius," contains several interesting suggestions; and there are two good reviews in the number, one by Christ on the latest edition of Bergk's Pindar, the other by Rossberg on Baehrens' Tibullus. In the educational section of these numbers there is nothing very remarkable.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Tuesday, February 25.)

JOHN EVANS, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S., V.-P., in the Chair. A paper by Mr. C. Staniland Wake, "On the Primitive Human Family," was read by the Director. The author endeavoured to combat some of the views usually associated with the name of Mr. McLennan.—Mr. E. W. Brabrook read a paper entitled "Notes on the Colour of the Skin, Hair, and Eyes," which accompanied an exhibition of the "Echelle de Couleurs" published by the Société Sténochromique of Paris. The accurate determination of the colours of the skin, hair, and eyes is a matter of great interest to anthropologists; and the author of the paper considered that, though the object of the publication of this scale of colours was not exclusively anthropological, yet its value to anthropologists would be very great. Forty-two colours are specialised, of each of which there are about twenty shades.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—(Wednesday, February 26.)

W. KNIGHTON, Esq., LL.D., in the Chair. Mr. E. W. Brabrook read a paper "On an unrecorded Event in the Life of Sir Thomas More"—viz., that in December 1514 he had entered himself among the Professors of Civil Law, by becoming a member of the Society of Advocates, commonly called Doctors Commons. The proof of this fact Mr. Brabrook showed from an autograph of Sir Thomas More which he had recently found in the Register and Obligation Book of the Society (now preserved in the library at Lambeth Palace), and which is in the following words:—"Ego T. Morus 3^o. die Decembris a^o. a Christo nato 1514^{to} admissus sū in hanc Societate, et pollicitor me solutur in singulis annis s. 6 et 8^o." Mr. Brabrook argued that More's reason for this step was probably his constant employment on embassies abroad, and in countries where a knowledge of the Civil Law was almost indispensable, and where, too, Professors of the Civil Law were most frequently chosen for such duties.

ROYAL SOCIETY.—(Thursday, February 27.)

W. SPOTTISWOODE, Esq., LL.D., President, in the Chair. The following papers were read:—"Studies in Acoustics. I. On the Synthetic Examination of Vowel Sounds," by W. H. Preece and Aug. Stroh; "On the Reversal of the Lines of Metallic Vapours," V., by Profs. Livinge and Dewar.

FINE ART.

BOOKBINDING.

La Reliure ancienne et moderne. Recueil de 116 planches de reliures artistiques des 16^e, 17^e, 18^e, et 19^e siècles, etc., etc. Introduction par Gustave Brunet. (Paris: Paul Daffis.)

THIS beautiful volume will be a joy to those, to quote M. Gustave Brunet's Introduction, to whom it is not given to become proprietors of books which belonged to Francis I., to Grolier, or to Henry II., and who cannot afford 14,000 francs for a La Fontaine bound by Padeloup. It was only to be expected that the rage for bookbindings which is now at its height in Paris should lead to the production of some such book; and it may be said with truth that it would have been impossible to compose a

Livre d'or of the art, as the French understand it, with greater success. An Englishman might, indeed, complain that a collection in which no Roger Payne is to be found is incomplete; but then it must be remembered that the French are persuaded that bookbinding is a thoroughly French art, and that it never occurs to them to conceive that any foreigner could possibly excel in it. We may perfectly well go with the editor when he says that France has remained—ever since the days when Grolier taught the French workmen to surpass their Italian models—supreme in this fascinating craft; and a volume, therefore, which reproduces in exquisite *photogravures* more than a hundred of the finest specimens of French work is sure to be a volume of masterpieces.

Never since the days of Grolier, Treasurer-General of France under Francis I., and ambassador to Pope Clement VII., has the succession of great French bookbinders failed. Grolier's anonymous binders were, it is true, copyists; but they were succeeded by a father and son of genius, Nicolas and Clovis Eve, who abandoned the Italian "mosaic" or "inlaid" style, for original work à petits fers—that tooling in gold which has ever since been the usual mode of decoration in bindings, bad and good. Next came the famous binder of Louis XIII.'s time who is known by the name of Le Gascon: surely the greatest binder that ever lived, and the one who best understood the resources and the limits of the art. This collection abounds in specimens from his hand, such as No. 7, the pride of the Mazarin Library, and No. 75, the most miraculous example of "fan-tooling" that it is possible to imagine. Alas! "the world knows nothing of its greatest men;" and of Le Gascon it does not even know the family name. Of those who succeeded him, though their works are both splendid and numerous, nothing seems to be known; it is not till the eighteenth century that we come to well-established names—those of Duseuil, Boyet, Padeloup, the two Deromes: an illustrious race who have been succeeded in the present century by the Bozerians, Thouvenin, Simier, Capé, Hardy, Niédée, and above all Trautz-Bauzonnet, "artiste," says M. Brunet, "qu'il paraît impossible de surpasser, et auquel nul ne conteste aujourd'hui le sceptre de la reliure." So M. Brunet, with pardonable patriotism; but this pre-eminence is not altogether incontestable. We imagine that Mr. Bedford would not be willing to resign the "sceptre de la reliure" without a struggle.

French bibliomania attaches itself above all things to famous names; a book is sought for not so much for its beauty or its rarity as because it has been in some special library—that of Francis I., or Grolier, or Canavaris, or Count Hoym, or M^{me}. du Barry. Accordingly, this collection abounds with volumes with that special claim to distinction; though by far the larger proportion of the books figured are from the earlier libraries—those of the sixteenth or early seventeenth centuries. Indeed, as an historical gallery of the art the collection does not succeed; the eighteenth century, the

century of Padeloup and Derome, is almost ignored—an inexplicable omission, considering the frenzied demand for good work of that date in the French market just now. We do not even observe any specimen of the library to which M. Brunet refers in his Introduction, and the fame of which is such an amusing comment on the unredeemed insanity of book-buyers. This is the library of H. B. Longepierre, a person who about 1725 wrote a tragedy called *Médée*, now become, according to M. Brunet, "the prey of oblivion." Longepierre's reputation being bound up with the story of Medea, he thought it appropriate to stamp his books with the Golden Fleece; and at the Paris sale, early in the present century, one of these books was put up. It was a *Télémaque* of 1717, worth perhaps a dozen francs. Two people, however, wished to possess this book; and at a sale, as we know, two rivals are all that is wanted to create a fancy price. One was M. J.-C. Brunet, and the other a millionaire. Between them, the *Télémaque* was driven up to 1,700 francs, and as it was M. Brunet that bought it, the vogue of "Longepierres" was from that moment established. This same *Télémaque* lately appeared in a Paris catalogue, marked 4,000 fr.; and at the Payne sale at Sotheby's last spring, where so many enormities of the kind were perpetrated, Mr. Quaritch bought a Longepierre Bossuet—which if it had not been Longepierre's would have been worth perhaps 5*l.*—for 127*l.* But these are the accidents of bibliolatriy, and are not likely to be furthered by such a book as this which we are now noticing. If the compiler thinks it worth while to specify now and then the libraries from which the books have come, he does not select them for those rather insignificant associations, but for their beauty and artistic interest.

T. H. WARD.

THE DUDLEY GALLERY.

ENGLISH water-colour painting, even in the hands of its most youthful exponents, still bears witness to the circumstances of its origin and early growth. Landscape, the material upon which its resources were first developed, holds even now a foremost place in every exhibition of the art; and the collection of drawings on view at the Dudley Gallery would seem to suggest that there is as yet no probability of a radical change in this relation. Fromentin, speaking of the state of modern painting, does not fail to recognise the general ascendancy of the landscape-painter's ideal. "Le paysage," he writes, "à tout envahi, et, chose singulière, en attendant qu'il ait rencontré sa propre formule il a bouleversé toutes les formules, troublé beaucoup de clairs esprits, et compromis quelques talents." But this process of gradual encroachment, however true of other branches of painting, has no reference to the water-colour school of England, for there the encroachment has rather come from the opposite quarter, and it is, we may say, only in quite recent times that the study of the human figure has come to occupy any important place in the eyes of water-colour painters. We may recognise, however, in the widespread dominion of landscape art the reason why hitherto the progress in another direction has been slow and uncertain. The general sentiment of modern art has strongly favoured the continuance of the original tradition, and the result has been that water-colour painters do not yet fairly reflect the actual aims of the English school. For although the claims of landscape among all

classes of artists are still warmly recognised, they do not any longer enjoy that overpowering influence which the evidence of water-colour painting alone would lead us to suppose. In England, perhaps even more than on the Continent, the statement of Fromentin is already a little out of date; and the main strength of what was known as the pre-Raphaelite movement lay in the protest which it offered against the general application of the principles appropriate to landscape art. In respect of the progress of artistic ideas, therefore, the English school has been in advance of the schools of the Continent; for while France, in the persons of great landscape-painters like Corot, Rousseau, and Daubigny, was perfecting the lessons which Constable had to teach, England had already entered upon a new phase of art practice in which landscape was no longer destined to hold a position of absolute supremacy.

A collection of drawings such as that now to be found at the Dudley Gallery cannot, therefore, be taken as affording an accurate index of the present tendencies of the English school. If the examples of subjects dealing with the figure are comparatively rare, it is because water-colour art has not reached that stage of advancement in which it can be considered as completely expressive of current artistic ideas. But already, as we may perceive, there is evidence of a growing change in this respect. Such portraits as those of Mr. J. C. Moore, with their finished and elaborate harmonies of colour, have no counterpart in the efforts of an earlier race of water-colour painters; nor should we look to find in any retrospective exhibition such an example of rich and solid colouring as is offered in the *Vanity Fair* (No. 95) of Miss Elizabeth Walker. In the last-named work it is curious to observe how the painter has evidently laboured to reproduce the effects gained by living masters in oil. The painting of the face reveals the influence of Mr. Millais, and the attempt to realise the texture of marble recalls the example of Mr. Tadema. But in spite of the frankly imitative character of the work, which we may fairly accept as a sign of the youth of its author, there is considerable promise in Miss Walker's performance. The scheme of colouring is boldly conceived, and the occasional coarseness of execution only suggests that the painter's general impression needs the support of a finer and more cultivated perception of those minuter truths of tint and tone which give justice and sobriety to art. We might add to the list of figure-subjects the finely finished little drawings by Mr. Marks and Mr. Leslie, and the more imaginative design of Mr. Jackson.

It would be impossible within our present limits to discuss the landscape drawings in the collection, or even to mention all those examples which claim the visitor's attention. Mr. Crane sends several studies in which the clearly-marked individuality of his style is employed with admirable effect; and Mr. Parsons and Mr. Addison reveal something of a kindred feeling in the rendering of English scenery. We may also mention among the more important contributions in this class the snow pieces of Mr. Arthur Severn, the vigorous marine drawing by Mr. Henry Moore, and the pastoral compositions in which landscape and figures are happily combined by Mr. Ernest Waterlow and Miss Havers; nor must we omit to draw attention to the sketches of Mr. Walter Field, whose powers in the treatment of shifting effects of light have rarely been exercised to such advantage.

J. COMYNS CARR.

ART BOOKS.

Cunningham's British Painters. Edited by Mrs. Heaton. Volume I. (George Bell and Sons.) It would be late in the day to be required to take up the cudgels in defence of Allan Cunningham's

British Painters, or, indeed, of any other art writing which concerns itself with popularising the knowledge of the lives and works of the great English painters of our great periods of art—the period of Hogarth and the period of Reynolds and the period of Turner. Indeed, as the public gets more surely to understand that the truest knowledge of art is by no means possessed by the mere wielders of the brush who have been busy in earning livelihoods often by the pursuit of labour in one given branch, the more credit and value will attach to the volumes and the articles in which it is an instructed criticism that endeavours to speak, apart from the prejudices of a profession or a clique. The readable writings of men of the world, gifted with an artistic instinct, are, indeed, often those which have the best reason to exist. Allan Cunningham was not precisely a man of the world, but he was a bright observer of the works of art, a happy enquirer into the circumstances of their production. It was, therefore, quite time that another edition was issued of his entertaining and instructive volumes. Their own freshness and individuality prevent their being superseded. Other criticisms and narrations may be placed by the side of his, but they cannot take the place of his, for it is one of the advantages of sparkling memoir and of aesthetic criticism that they are not displaced, even by later work which is of their own kind. A dull and impersonal record of pure fact gets to be superseded if it is imperfect, as it sooner or later turns out to be, but anything with a claim to be regarded as literature is pretty sure to remain. The view and the mind of the writer make it peculiar and special, and so continue in it an interest necessarily denied to the mere accumulation of crude fact or to the purely one-sided utterances of "practical artists," who are generally very unpractical writers. Mrs. Heaton has done excellent service in editing this new edition of the *Lives of the most eminent British Painters*, so far, at least, as we can judge from the first volume, which is before us. Her work in the first volume is confined to notes. She has corrected the original writer on certain matters of fact, and she has likewise added information from the stores of reading which are now at the service of any really enquiring student of the progress of our art. But later in the work she will, we understand, introduce brief sketches which she has prepared of the lives of some at least among the illustrious or meritorious artists whom Cunningham neglected to chronicle, or who flourished after the period at which he wrote his graphic biographical and anecdotal chapters. Painters of that importance in English art which Crome and Cotman have now admittedly assumed should, indeed, hardly be suffered to pass without reference; but thus far no list is provided of the painters on whom Mrs. Heaton's election has fallen. The brief though often pregnant notes she has appended to the *Lives* in the volume before us are hardly of a nature to call for lengthened criticism. We are glad she has recognised what Cunningham failed to recognise with respect to William Hogarth—the power of Hogarth as a master of pure painting. The immense popularity that has befallen him by reason of his humour and grave satire has been somewhat of a drawback to the general recognition of the fact that few of the artists of our school have equalled him—and perhaps none have surpassed him—in the command of the technical resources of his craft; and this Mrs. Heaton well admits. But it is in connexion with William Hogarth that she commits a little mistake which we will venture to point out. She speaks by implication of Samuel Scott—the companion of the humourist on a famous expedition—as an artist so obscure that it is not necessary to know him. Samuel Scott, though not an artist of popular name, is in truth of some importance in English art. The National Gallery contains one or two of his very admirable pictures of river-side London. Burlington House, at its winter exhibitions, has once or twice shown us

others still more interesting and beautiful. But minor mistakes will not cause us to disregard the general value of Mrs. Heaton's edition.

Handbook of Drawing. By William Walker, Lecturer and Teacher of Freehand Drawing in the Owens College. (Seeley.) A book that will go far to supply a very general want—viz., a volume of reasonable size containing sound and simple instruction how to learn to draw. Without making the first stages appear too monotonous and uninteresting, Mr. Walker thoroughly inculcates the importance of careful, systematic, and intelligent work, and does this in so clear a style, and with such abundance of well-chosen illustrations, that a tyro must be indeed dull who cannot master the grammar of art under his instruction. Mr. Walker very properly does not confine himself to technical teaching, but furnishes safe precepts as to the principles and motives, both moral and artistic, which should guide an art-student. It is only when Mr. Walker ventures upon metaphysical definitions and dogmas that his teaching seems to us open to criticism. We doubt, for instance, whether a student will be much the wiser for having "a correct taste" defined for him as "the faculty—whether the gift of nature or the result of culture—by which we intuitively and instantly select that which is true and beautiful in preference to that which is false and ugly;" or for being told that it is a "law of Nature that everything intended for service has a certain size and character defined for it according to the purpose for which it is intended." The italics are our own. It seems scarcely necessary to point out that taste which is the result of culture cannot be "intuitive," and that very few things, unless they be intended to hold a certain quantity or to fill a certain space, like a pint-pot or a drawer, can be said to have a certain size defined for them. But despite certain blemishes of vague theory and inexact thought which are scattered through the book and render the chapters on "Taste, Style, Variety," and kindred subjects comparatively valueless, this manual may be safely recommended, especially to young students, as one from which they will learn nothing but safe practice and wholesome doctrine. The chapters "On Light and Shade," "Suggestions for a Course of Study," "On Practice of Free-Drawing," "On Criticism," and "On Perspective," are specially admirable.

THE NEW CATALOGUE OF THE BERLIN GALLERY.

VISITORS to the Berlin Gallery were obliged for many years to do without a catalogue. The old catalogue by Dr. Waagen, being obsolete, was no longer in circulation, while various difficulties, which could only be removed gradually, stood in the way of the preparation and publication of a new one. The present directors of the Berlin Gallery, Dr. Julius Meyer, editor of the *Kunstlerlexicon* and author of a biography of Correggio (which has been translated into English), and Dr. Wilhelm Bode, who has written some very important essays on Franz Hals and his school, are well known, even out of Germany, for their great merits as connoisseurs and art critics. It is under the names of these two *savants* that the new catalogue has been issued; and although we have, as the title-page indicates, only a "small edition" before us, and, according to the Preface, but a provisional one, this publication still deserves to be noticed by all those who are interested in scientific art-studies.

There is scarcely a more difficult task in art literature than the composition of such a catalogue, especially when the principles are adopted on which the authors of this Berlin catalogue have worked. We must first notice that the names of the artists, which until now were spelt arbitrarily, are here given as the masters signed themselves, or as is indicated in contemporary documents. For instance, we find "Berk-Heijde" instead of "Bereckheyden," "Jacob van Ruysdael"

instead of "Jacob Ruysdael." This principle must certainly be regarded as the only right one, and it is hardly necessary to recommend its general adoption. With reference to the biographies of the artists as here given, they leave nothing to be desired in point of accuracy, and no doubt special researches have been made with a view to rendering them as complete as possible. They are followed by a very complete description of the pictures, and by copies of the signatures; while statements and critical discussions are appended on the importance and artistic value of the pictures. We may fairly say that never yet has any catalogue of a picture-gallery been prepared more conscientiously, and at the same time more independently as regards critical problems.

The Berlin Gallery possesses eight pictures traditionally attributed to Adriaen Brouwer, but the observations which accompany the descriptions of these pictures in the catalogue show very clearly why all except one must be regarded as unauthentic. Again, necessary information is never wanting in those cases where the same subject has been painted by the artist more than once. The publications of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have of course been turned to account for critical as well as biographical purposes. On the whole, the authors of this catalogue display almost unequalled knowledge. Their studies extend to nearly all the public and private collections of Europe, and we very often find interesting statements referring to pictures in England and other foreign galleries. The following critical notices will prove the great accuracy and conscientiousness which the editors display. With reference to Peruzzi's picture *Charitas* (No. 109) they observe (p. 228):—

"Of late it has been doubted by renowned authorities (Crowe and Cavalcaselle) whether it is a work of Peruzzi; and by them it is supposed to be by Girolamo del Pacchia, but by others (especially by Morelli) it is maintained, and no doubt with good reason, to be really by Peruzzi, and belonging to that period of the master when he was most under the influence of Sodoma. The latter is especially unmistakable in the female head, which, moreover, strongly recalls another of Peruzzi's works of 1517—viz., *St. Catherine of Alexandria*—a fresco over the altar in the Pon-zetti Chapel at the church of Sta. Maria della Pace, at Rome (Morelli)."

With regard to the picture *Ruth and Boaz in a Landscape* (No. 806), traditionally attributed to Rembrandt, we find the remark:—

"Until now (and lately also by Vosmaer) ascribed to Rembrandt; the scorched colouring and careless drawing, however, seem rather to betray the manner and treatment of Aart de Gelder (born at Dort, 1645, died there in 1727, last scholar of Rembrandt, worked at Dort), to whom may probably also be assigned the well-known *Rembrandt's Mill* in the Dresden Gallery."

Drs. Meyer and Bode certainly deserve our sincere acknowledgments for this important contribution to art history, and I think that their principle ought to be adopted in the composition and correction of many other catalogues intended for the instruction of the public. The claims of art criticism have long since been recognised; but until now the doors of the galleries have only in exceptional cases been opened to it. Of what avail is it, we may well ask, that results which have been attained by thorough and profound research should only be discoverable in books accessible but to few, while the very handbook which one consults when standing before the picture is absolutely silent concerning them? It would be presumptuous to declare that the results of art criticism are always infallible; but certainly no one will deny that their claims to trustworthiness and credibility are far better founded than the assertions of interested persons, whether made centuries ago or at the present day.

J. PAUL RICHTER.

MRS. CAMERON.

JULIA MARGARET CAMERON, as she loved to subscribe herself in fine bold characters, was in many respects a remarkable woman. A few may still remember her as one of the three Miss Pattles, whose varied gifts won for them in Calcutta society the names of "Wit, Beauty, and Fashion." There she met and married Mr. Charles Hay Cameron, then legal member of Council, who still survives as the last of Bentham's personal disciples. But to most she will be better known as the hospitable occupant of a sea-side house at Freshwater, in the Isle of Wight, whither visitors were attracted by her own talents no less than by the reputation of her venerable husband. During this period of her life she first won publicity about fifteen years ago, by her bold innovations in the art of photography. It was not only by the intrinsic merit of her pictures, but also by the interest associated with their subjects, that she succeeded in at once taking both the cultivated and the popular tastes. The heads of her neighbours, the Poet Laureate and Sir Henry Taylor, were among the first of her successes. After these came portraits of Browning, Carlyle, Darwin, Sir W. Herschel, and many other distinguished men, whose intellectual features lent themselves readily to her peculiar process of photography. Having established her reputation in portraiture, she followed it up with imaginative representations either of individual personages in history and literature, or of easily recognised scenes. Colnaghi's gallery was the regular place of exhibition for her pictures season after season, though they also became familiar in many a shop window of the London streets. In our opinion, among the most effective of all was a fancifully-draped head of a young lady, a relation of her own, to which she gave the appropriate title of *Beatrice Cenci*. It must be admitted that her illustrations to the cabinet edition of Tennyson, published by Henry S. King and Co. in 1875, do not rank among her happiest works.

She did not claim for herself any original discovery in photographic processes. We believe that her only secret was to place her sitter far out of focus, and to subject the plate to an unusually long exposure. With characteristic energy she worked at all the disagreeable details of chemical manipulation with her own hands, and gradually perfected herself with infinite assiduity. In looking at a series of her pictures it is instructive to observe how her improvement in artistic design kept pace with advance in technical skill. Her first efforts were on a small scale, scarcely larger than the cabinet size now in vogue; and they aimed at little more than faithful portraiture after the style common to all amateurs. Many of them also have sadly altered in colour at the present day. Her latest photographs, such as that of *Beatrice Cenci*, were almost as large as life. Expression of feature and arrangement of drapery were studied with as much care as by a professional painter in oils. The process of printing was performed with such thorough knowledge and watchfulness that, though these, too, were taken many years ago, no spots and no indications of fading are visible.

When Mrs. Cameron, in company with her husband, resolved to follow her dearly-loved sons to Ceylon, her occupation of photography was abandoned. But soon she sent for her cameras and chemicals, and again set to work with enthusiasm under a less clouded sky. Her death, we believe, happened suddenly, after but a brief illness. She is regretted by an exceptionally large circle of friends, to whom she was endeared by a rare warmth of heart, expansiveness of sympathy, and old-fashioned directness of expression. Few of them but possess some memorial of her in the products of her art, which she was wont to distribute with lavish generosity.

JAS. S. COTTON.

ART SALES.

ALMOST the first considerable picture-sale of the season was that which took place at Messrs. Christie's last Saturday; and that, though large and popular, was not really, in the quality of the works exhibited, of the first importance. The collection was formed by Mr. J. S. Virtue, who until the sale had continued the possessor of it. The works were chiefly those of living artists or of artists who were living not more than twenty years ago, and very many of the pictures had become known to the public through the popular line-engravings of the *Art Journal*. There were forty-seven water-colour drawings, in which it is only necessary to note *The Convalescent*, by Birket Foster, which fetched 94l. 10s.; and *The Inquisition*, by J. D. Linton, 74l. 11s. Among the oil-pictures a large and important example of Mr. Edward Armitage, R.A.—*Samson in Captivity*, a picture exhibited at the Royal Academy as long ago as 1851—realised 141l. 15s.; the *Drowned Lovers*, by Sam Bough, the Scotch artist we have lately had to lament, fetched but 73l. 10s.; Mr. Boughton's *March of Miles Standish*—quite a popular and well-known picture—sold for 85l.; *Simpletons*, by Mr. Fildes, a replica of the exhibited picture, realised 168l.; *Imogen in the Cave*, by T. Graham—a rising figure-painter—46l.; *Leaving Home*, by Frank Holl, A.R.A., 148l. Mr. B. W. Leader's landscapes fetched very good prices: *Tintern by Moonlight*, a picture of the year 1873, going for 164l. 15s.; and *An Island on the Llugwy, North Wales*, reaching the sum of 281l. Mr. P. R. Morris, A.R.A., was represented by *Drift-Wreck from the Armada*, which sold for 90l. 6s. Mr. Orchardson's *Forest Shrine*—a single figure of a peasant woman with her baby before a wayside altar—was knocked down at 115l.; while *Talbot and the Countess of Auvergne from Henry VI.*, by the same artist, realised 278l. *How the Egyptians enjoyed themselves Three Thousand Years ago*—an early work of Mr. Alma Tadema, dated 1863—sold for 388l.; *A King's Daughter*, by the late E. M. Ward, 70l. 15s. The total sum realised by the sale of Mr. Virtue's art possessions, which included a little modern sculpture, was 9,788l.

LORD LONSDALE'S furniture and pictures have drawn crowded rooms at Christie's during the present week. The sale of the pictures occurs to-day. They are not numerous, but they include a few works of peculiar interest, chiefly important drawings by De Wint, executed on a scale on which that artist seldom worked.

On February 22, 24, and 25, Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge sold some collections of coins and medals, the most remarkable lot being a specimen of the exceedingly rare and valuable Angel of Edward VI., weighing 77 grs., which fetched 45l. Among the other coins disposed of were:—Edward VI., Half-sovereign, 1l. 1s.; Elizabeth, Angel, 1l. 6s.; James I., Sovereign, 1l. 15s.; a Rider Piece of James VI.'s coinage, 2l. 6s.; Commonwealth, XX Piece, 1651, 2l. 14s.; Five-guinea Pieces of Charles II. and William III., 6l. 10s. and 7l. 5s. respectively; Anne, Medal, O., 4l.; Edward VI., Sovereign, fine, 8l.; Charles I., Gilt Oval Medalet, by Rawlins, 2l.; Henry VII., Shilling, 13l.; James II., Proof of Gun-money Crown, 1690, 4l. 7s.; George III., Proof of Three-Shilling Bank Token, 5l. 5s.; Charles I., Exurgat-Crown of 1642, 3l. 5s.; Ditto, Half-crown, 1l. 1s.; Edward VI., Bristol Rose Noble and Half-noble, 5l. 5s.; Edward VI., Half-sovereign, 4l. 4s.; Charles I., Oxford Mint Exurgat-Sovereign, 1643, 5l.; George IV., Double Sovereign by Pistrucci and Merlin, 1823, 3l.; Edward VI., Crown, 1l. 15s.; Elizabeth, Crowns, 3l. 5s. and 2l. 2s.; Cromwell, Crowns, 2l. 10s. and 3l. 5s.; Edward VI., Half-crown, 2l. 17s.; Elizabeth, Half-crowns, 3l. and 3l. 5s.; Edward IV., Rose Noble, 2l. 16s.; Quadruples of John V. of Portugal, 1730 and 1732, 3l. 10s. each; William III., Five-guinea Piece, 8l. 15s.; 300 Tradesmen's Tokens, 9l. 12s.

6d.; Gilt Medallion of Alphonsus of Aragon, 2l. 17s.; Edward VI., Penny, first coinage of base standard, 5l. 10s.; Charles I., Oxford Ten-shilling Piece, 2l. 12s.; a tetradrachm of Seleucus I. of Syria, 2l. 3s.; William III., Two Mohurs Piece, 3l. 3s.; George IV., Proof Double Sovereign of 1826, 4l. 16s.; &c.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

WE have received from the publishers, Messrs. Colnaghi and Co., of Pall Mall East, an impression of the engraving they have very recently published from Mr. George Richmond's portrait of Lord Granville. The plate is engraved by Mr. T. L. Atkinson, and the appearance and expression of the head and face are of great comeliness and smoothness. Neither the artist nor the engraver has erred on the side of a too resolute fidelity, yet we are far from saying that the portrait does not resemble Lord Granville in those happy moments upon which the fashionable artist is somewhat wont to concentrate his attention. The engraver's work is delicate.

THE Paravey collection, consisting chiefly of Greek vases and terra-cottas, was sold in Paris last week, and, contrary to expectation, realised high prices.

THE new number of the *Archæologische Zeitung* contains an engraving of the celebrated bronze head from the Castellani Collection in the British Museum, with an article by Engelmann, which among other things defends the original attribution of this head to Aphrodite. It is not, however, correct to call this the first publication of that work of art; since it has been published twice—first, in the collection of photographs of the Castellani Collection, edited by Mr. Newton; and, secondly, as an engraving in the article "Archæology" in the new (ninth) edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. This number of the *Zeitung* also continues the exceedingly interesting reports of progress at Olympia.

THERE is a bronze Etruscan mirror in the Louvre on which occurs the word *Huins*. Obviously it would read *Huns*, if it were not for the *i*, which, however, may be no better than an *iota subscript*. According to the Rev. Isaac Taylor (*Etruscan Researches*, p. 368), this Etruscan word is really the equivalent of our familiar *Huns*, and thus admirably suits his general theory. But the Etruscan who wrote it—so runs the explanation of the mirror—applied it to Greeks, and in his mind the Greeks must have been Huns. It was disrespectful of him, to say the least of it, if the explanation be correct. The scene on the mirror has been thought to represent the Trojan horse, though the name Pegasus is distinctly written beside him. In other cases the Trojan horse is figured with a trap-door in his side for the Greeks to get in and out by. But here the trap-door is behind him a little way, so that it can neither be an entrance in nor, as some say, "an entrance out." On it occurs the word *Huins*. Suppose, however, the scene to really represent, as it professes to do, Pegasus, the horse is caught, and is fastened by one of his forelegs. It was not quite in this way that Bellerophon captured him; but if such a variation on the legend be allowed, then what has been called the trap-door behind him resolves itself into a fountain, from which, indeed, it is no stretch of imagination to see water flowing. For this purpose *Huins* would be the Etruscan word for *fons* without any greater strain than is common in Etruscan.

MESSRS. J. HOGARTH AND SONS have published two of the series of etchings by the brothers Messrs. Slocombe which we noticed last week. *The Last Load of Hay*, a pleasant study of moonlight flooding a deep country lane, exemplifies the art of Mr. C. P. Slocombe, while Mr. F. Slocombe contributes *Fishing Boats, Hastings*.

FRANZ LENBACH, the famous Munich portrait-painter, has been commissioned by the German Emperor to paint Prince Bismarck's portrait for the Berlin National Gallery.

AN art loan exhibition is to be opened this month in Baltimore at the Peabody Institute.

PAUL POTTER'S picture, *Le Coup de Vent*, recently etched by M. Léon Gaucherel in *L'Art*, was sold last week in Paris for 33,000 fr.

A SHORT but appreciative study of Bonington is contributed to the number of *L'Art* for Feb. 23 by M. Saint-Raymond, who makes a special point of the influence that the shores of Normandy near Saint-Jouin had upon the painter's art. Bonington made a little excursion in Normandy in 1821, soon after his studies in Paris were finished. It was here that he first began to practise oil-painting, and one can well believe that that pleasant country, which then revealed itself to him in the early days of autumn "baigné d'une lumière blonde et discrètement diffuse," long possessed a charm for him which we see reflected in his paintings. An excellent etching of one of these by Léon Gaucherel is given in illustration. It represents nothing but an old windmill at Saint-Jouin, with very little accessory in the way of landscape, but one almost feels the pure soft air and the subdued light in which the scene is set. Besides his rendering of this work by Bonington, Léon Gaucherel gives us also the studies for several of his own water-colour paintings of the country round Saint-Jouin; and a careful etching by Emile Vernier, called *Un Bateau de Transport*, likewise adds to the value of this number.

THE subject for the Prix de Sèvres this year is a vase commemorative of the transit of Venus across the sun in 1874. Designs are to be sent in before May 31. The vase when completed is to be placed in the Mazarine Gallery of the Bibliothèque Nationale.

THE death is announced of M. Eugène Faure, a French painter who has won for himself distinction at several Salons, and a medal at the Universal Exhibition for his pictures *La Source* and *The Portrait of a Lady*.

It is with sincere regret that we hear that M. Reiset has resigned his office of Director of National Museums in France. His resignation, it is said, is due to ill health, and not to the political changes that have of late taken place; but it is difficult not to believe that these changes have had something to do with it. M. Reiset is a man whose critical judgment and great learning have made his opinion of weight in matters of art all over Europe, and as Director of the Louvre his services for a long time past have been of the utmost value to the art interests of France. His excellent critiques on the pictures in our National Gallery which appeared last year in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* have several times been mentioned in these pages. It is strange that they have not yet been translated into English and published in a separate form, for they are worthy of being more widely known in this country than they are likely to be if suffered to lie hidden in the pages of a French journal. Another work of M. Reiset's later time is his learned catalogue of all the drawings in the Louvre, which before this was accomplished were in a state of apparently inextricable confusion. The cause of art in France has, in truth, had a loss in M. Reiset which it will not be easy to supply; for his invariable courtesy as well as his great ability rendered him peculiarly well fitted for the post he occupied.

THE new Sèvres Museum seems to be doing its utmost to afford valuable instruction to those interested in studying the history and the progress of ceramic art. During the last few months a methodical classification of all the examples exhibited has been accomplished, and each one is classed according to its historical and geographical position as well as with regard to its technical

worth. For this purpose labels are attached to all the pieces, giving the date and place of manufacture and the marks on various pieces; so that a wide knowledge can often be gained of a subject merely from studying these labels, four thousand of which have lately been affixed. It is to be wished that South Kensington would be equally instructive in the way of ceramic labels.

In the *Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst* Herr Adolf Michaelis finishes his long history of the Dilettanti Society with an account of its various publications, especially of that vast and costly work, *The Antiquities of Ionia*, the result of the researches and studies of the architect Nicholas Revett and the young artist William Pars. A marble figure of a Bacchante in the Berlin Museum is criticised by Otto Benndorf, and compared with figures of the same kind in other museums. Unfortunately, this beautiful figure, of which an etching is given in illustration, is without a head, but Dr. Benndorf decides authoritatively on its Greek origin. If sculptured in Rome, it was, he considers, by a Greek hand. In the other articles of the number Carl Brun finishes his careful analysis of Luini's *Passion* in Santa Maria degli Angeli at Lugano; and A. Fischer gives a pleasant account of the little town of Monte San Savino, the birthplace of the celebrated sculptor Andrea Contucci, better known as Sansovino.

A NUMBER of studies of single figures by Mr. George H. Boughton are given as illustrations in M. Charles Tardieu's last article in *L'Art* on our English School of Painting, and its performances at the Royal Academy and Grosvenor Gallery Exhibitions of last year. M. Tardieu is on the whole very complimentary to our English painters, though he considers that England is superior only in portrait, landscape, and *genre*, and that her painters cannot mount to the heights of epic poetry, classical mythology, romantic legend, or even to the serene level of history, notwithstanding the brave attempts of Sir John Gilbert. Great praise is accorded to Mr. Orchardson, whose merits, the writer thinks, were not sufficiently recognised by the jury of the Universal Exhibition, since he only received a third-class medal in 1878, whereas a second medal had been awarded him in 1867.

M. ISAIA GHIRON has recently published a catalogue of the Arabic coins of the Milan Cabinet, with three photographic plates. It contains descriptions of rather more than two hundred coins, chiefly of the Sāmānis and the Khāns of Kipchak. The book is produced as an *édition de luxe*, but the collection was hardly worth so costly a setting, for there is no coin in it of any special interest or novelty. A bare list with references to standard works would have sufficed. The plates have the defect of being obscure even to illegibility. An example of the poverty of the collection may be seen in the fact that only one coin of the Fātimi Khalifs of Egypt is described. The compiler deserves credit for abstaining from the temptation to write long notes; but he is less wise in prefixing so lengthy a Preface, and it was unnecessary to append translations to the inscriptions of the coins.

MUSIC.

M. BOURGAULT-DUCOUDRAY, whose *Symphonie Religieuse* was performed by Mr. Henry Leslie's choir on Thursday week, is an exemplar of French musical art in its severest aspect. Happily removed from the necessity of writing down to the level of public taste, he has followed the bent of his own inclinations by seeking to popularise the works of Handel and Bach among his compatriots—a disinterested task, and it may be added, almost a hopeless one, in the present condition of musical feeling in France. M. Bourgault-Ducoudray has further testified to the sincerity of his convictions

by eschewing the road to popularity which lies through the theatre: his published works being merely a *Stabat Mater*, a few sacred cantatas, a collection of Greek melodies, and lastly, the *Symphonie Religieuse* referred to above. This composition is to all intents and purposes a motett for voices unaccompanied. It is in five movements, which are named respectively "Gratulation," "Passio," "Vivus resurgit Christus," "Desiderium Coeli," and "Gloria." The music is essentially ecclesiastical in style, but the constant and abrupt transitions of key and the absence of any defined rhythm detract from the effect, and we are conscious of a perpetual striving after some ideal which seems to elude the grasp of the composer. The fourth movement, which consists of a soprano solo with vocal accompaniment *à bouche fermée*, has been spoken of in terms of displeasure, but M. Ducoudray has in this instance merely conformed to a general practice among French musicians of the present day. The trick of singing *à bouche fermée* is adopted alike in sacred and secular works, silly and objectionable as it may appear to us. The vigorous chorus, "Vivus resurgit Christus," with its elaborate counter-resound and enharmonic modulations, is certainly well adapted to the purpose it fulfilled as the test piece at the Paris competition of choirs; but the significance of Mr. Leslie's triumph on that occasion is diminished when it is remembered that but one body—the Amand-Chevê choir—was found to oppose the English force. In the excellence of its choirs of mixed voices this country doubtless occupies a pre-eminent position, but it is questionable whether we could safely contend against some of the French or Belgian Orphéonist Societies of male voices. The remainder of the concert of Thursday week need not detain us, save that a word of encouragement may be given to Miss Gertrude Bradwyn, a contralto of promise.

At Her Majesty's Theatre repetitions of *Rienzi* and *Carmen* have proved the rule; but *Les Huguenots* was performed for the second time on Thursday week, with more gratifying results than on the previous occasion. Especially was the improvement noticeable in the chorus, which now seemed sufficiently familiar with its arduous duties. A finer body of voices than that which Mr. Carl Rosa has gathered together we have never heard on the operatic stage.

HERR XAVER SCHARWENKA last Saturday made his first appearance at the Crystal Palace Concerts in the double capacity of composer and pianist. The work which he brought forward—his own concerto in B flat minor—had been once previously heard at Sydenham, having been played last season by Mr. Dannreuther. The favourable opinion expressed of it in these columns on that occasion was certainly not diminished upon a second hearing. Herr Scharwenka has something of his own to say, and he knows how to say it. The concerto is full of beautiful thoughts, and is singularly free from reminiscences. Following the example of Beethoven and Schumann, the composer has sought rather to amalgamate the piano with the orchestra than to write a mere show-piece for the display of his own dexterity. It must not, however, be inferred that the work affords no opportunity for the soloist. It is very brilliant, and of great difficulty; but the difficulties lie in the nature of the ideas, and in their form of expression, and are in all cases legitimate, and not mere *tours de force*. The performance of the solo part of the concerto by Herr Scharwenka was magnificent. His playing is in the best sense of the term artistic. His touch is exquisitely clear, and he has the power of producing the maximum of tone with the minimum of exertion; his quiet and unostentatious manner is in refreshing contrast to that of many pianists of the present day, and, while without a particle of exaggeration, it is full of warmth and genuine feeling. In a selection of smaller solos played

later in the afternoon, the pianist displayed the same admirable qualities already shown in the concerto. His success was unmistakable; and there can be no doubt that in Herr Scharwenka we may recognise a pianist of the very first rank. The remainder of Saturday's programme contained only well-known pieces; and no remark is needed upon such works as Cherubini's overture to *Faniska*, Mendelssohn's "Hear ye, Israel," and the *Hymn of Praise*.

THE programme of the Popular Concert on Monday evening contained a novelty, albeit not a very important one. This was a trio in E flat by Haydn, one of thirty-one such works left by the old master, very few of which survive. The present example is genial and pleasing enough, but, being placed after more elaborate works, it failed to create any marked effect. Mozart's favourite quintett in G minor commenced the concert, and Schubert's fantasia in C (Op. 159) for pianoforte and violin, a curiously constructed but charming work, opened the second part. This fantasia is styled "Sonate für Clavier und Violine" in Kreisler von Hellborn's catalogue, but its more appropriate title "Phantasie" is given in "Nottebohm's *Thematisches Verzeichniss*, and it was thus published by Diabelli, of Vienna, in 1850. Miss Agnes Zimmermann, the pianist at this concert, played Schumann's *Etudes Symphoniques* (Op. 13) artistically if somewhat coldly. Herr Henschel created a *furor* in airs from Handel's *Agrippina* and *Almira*, and again in Beethoven's "Busslied."

M. PAUL BERNARD, one of the best French musical critics, who was for many years on the staff of the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, died at Paris on the 24th ult., at the age of fifty-one.

UNDER the title of *The Thistle* Mr. Colin Brown, the Euing Lecturer on Music at Anderson's College, Glasgow, is publishing a collection of Scotch national melodies, the first two parts of which lie before us. The commencement of an interesting "Introduction to Scotch Music" is given in Part I. Mr. Brown maintains, and gives good reasons in support of his view, that the characteristics of the melodies of his country have been much misunderstood; and he shows that in their original forms they are constructed on all the ancient modes of the scale. The two parts of the collection now under notice contain fourteen airs, to eleven of which words are given. The genuine form of the melodies is preserved, so far as it can be ascertained; and an accompaniment for the piano by Mr. James Merrylees is added, which, while appropriate to the character of the music, is occasionally not free from reproach in the matter of harmonic purity.

DR. BENNETT'S *Songs for Sailors* have been set to music by Mr. J. L. Hatton, and a collection of forty has been sent to us by the publishers, Messrs. Novello, Ewer and Co. The music is in Mr. Hatton's fluent and pleasing, if not very original, manner. It is not surprising that a musician of his acquirements should have been most successful in setting those verses which were the worthiest of his abilities.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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| Allen (Grant), The Colour Sense, 8vo | (Trübner) | 10/6 |
| Anson (W. R.), Principles of the English Law of Contracts, 8vo | (Macmillan) | 9/0 |
| Arnold (M.), Mixed Essays, 8vo | (Smith, Elder & Co.) | 9/0 |
| Atelier du Lys: or, an Art Student in the Reign of Terror, new ed., 12mo | (Longmans) | 2/0 |
| Barker (J.), Forbidden Fruit: a Series of Sermons, 8vo | (Kent) | 3/6 |
| Blyth (G. F. P.), The Holy Week and the Forty Days, 3 vols., 8vo | (Skeffington) | 15/0 |
| Brown (A.), Practical Treatise on the Power-Loom, 3rd ed., 8vo | (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.) | 3/6 |
| Burns (R.), Works, vol. v.: Prose, 8vo | | |
| Burton (L.), Arabia, Egypt, India: a Narrative of Travel, 8vo | (Mullan) | 16/0 |